

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1887.

NUMBER 399.

A Great Gathering of the Grangers.

Seven Thousand Picnickers at Whitmore Lake Last Saturday.

A GRAND ADDRESS BY GOV. LUCE.

Picnic Paragraphs—Why the Picnic People Waited Till the Shadows Longer Grew.

"How many people are here to-day?" "Where did they all come from?" were questions many times repeated at Whitmore Lake last Saturday, the occasion of the Farmers' Basket Picnic, and they were questions not easy to correctly answer. There were not less than seven thousand people present, that estimate being the lowest we heard given, other estimates running from thirteen thousand, down; and they principally came from Washtenaw, Wayne, Oakland and Livingston counties, but many other counties of the southern and central portions of the state were represented. This was the ninth annual picnic under the auspices of the counties named, and it was said by all to have been the most enjoyable and successful. This annual meeting of the farmers at Whitmore Lake grew out of annual grange picnics, first inaugurated by the Northfield grange, then extended to other granges in Washtenaw and adjoining counties, and finally so broadened and widened in its purpose of pleasure and profit, that the members of the Farmers' Basket Picnic Association were understood to embrace all the farmers of the four counties named and as many from other counties as could attend.

The forenoon of the great picnic day was spent by the multitude in getting there, and the brief invitation that slung parance addresses to Mr. Eli on that subject was evidently not needed in this case; and indeed, it might be observed, that owing to the thoughtfulness of the railroad, which consideration is referred to elsewhere, the further suggestion in the Eli philosophy, to stay there, was also rendered unnecessary.

That feature of the day's observance from which it derived its name, basket picnic, came first on the official program, and it is perhaps unnecessary to say that it was generally observed and heartily enjoyed. It was a pretty sight to see the many hundreds of little groups under the apple trees during the dinner hour; and it was a sight to which distance lent no enchantment, the best point of view being from behind the vertebra of a deceased but not lamented fowl, or a generous section of that splendid product of civilization and culture in cooking, the apple pie.

The musical and oratorical part of the program began at one o'clock and were concluded before four. Hon. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, a sharp-eyed, pleasant gentleman, President of the Association, announced the formal opening of the exercises and called for the selection of officers for the next year, the names of whom are given elsewhere.

The election of officers having concluded, a piano duet was given by Miss Julia A. Ball of Hamburg, and Elsie Oranson of Webster. The young ladies were performers of unusual ability, and the effect of the sweet sound waves as they joined the breeze that played among the overhanging limbs and leaves of the old trees that formed the grove, was beautiful beyond the powers of the mere vibrations of the wires to produce.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. S. W. Burd, of Whitmore Lake, a bright-looking little man, who had more the appearance of a shrewd lawyer than of a minister; by which observation we mean no disrespect to the reverend gentleman.

Miss Julia A. Ball and her brother, E. M. Ball, then gave a vocal duet, the burden of which was a very sweet-toned invitation to "Come to the Woodland," and it may not be out of place to here remark that we are perfectly willing to go to the woodland or anywhere else, whenever we can be assured that singing such as was given by Miss Ball and her brother will be provided.

President Ball then referred to the fact that his name was on the program for an address, but he disclaimed any purpose or desire to make a speech. He referred to the pleasant features of the farmers' annual picnic, and congratulated the assembled throng that circumstances had permitted their presence. The President concluded his remarks with a very happy introduction of the principal speaker of the day, Governor Luce.

We are not prepared to give the Governor's address in full, and it is due him to say that any partial report or review of it will hardly fail of being unjust and unworthy of its purpose. The character and tone of the address were a surprise to all who then heard the Governor for the first time and a source of pleasure and pride to all his large audience. We had before regarded Gov. Luce as an intelligent, progressive farmer, a man of integrity and ability in the lines of his life's duty and labor, but we were hardly prepared for the wide and broad knowledge of science and literature, poetry and history and the other lines of learning displayed in his address, that are supposed to be the exclusive possession of the student and scholar. The many times repeated assertions by the Governor's political opponents that he had been selected as a candidate for the

high office that he now occupies rather by reason of his position as a granger and farmer than because of his superior fitness to preside as the chief magistrate of the proud Peninsula state, may have, through insensible absorption, led to our unjust estimate of Mr. Luce; which, though at all times high, was in no respect such as was due him, nor such acknowledgment of his ability as will be henceforth gladly given.

The principal purpose of the Governor's address was to urge upon the farmers the necessity of closer and better organization as a class, in order that the good their higher average of morality and in the qualities that make the best citizenship should exert a stronger influence now and in the future, an influence that our country calls for at the present and very soon in the future in greater degree must have. The speaker did not wish to exalt the farmer beyond the position given him by general opinion and judgment of other classes, trades and professions, but he much regretted that they had failed and were failing, principally through lack of loyal, intelligent organization, to exert the influence socially, morally or otherwise, that could and should come from them.

The address contained many vivid pictures of life on the farm, drawn from the Governor's own experience—some pathetic and tender, expressive of the love of mother, wife and home, others presenting the more prosaic features of farm duties and privileges, and it was so interspersed with bright bits of sentiment and wit as to make it interesting to all within sound of the speaker's voice from the opening to the close.

A paper written and read by Mrs. Benjamin Kelley, published in full elsewhere in this issue, followed the Governor's speech. As will be seen, the paper was worthy of the occasion, though the low tone in which it was read prevented the greater portion of the audience from its full enjoyment.

A vocal solo by Miss Julia A. Ball, was the next exercise. Then came a recitation of a portion of Longfellow's grand poem, "The Building of the Ship," by Miss Mary Lord, daughter of Mr. J. B. Lord of Augusta. Miss Lord is a pleasing elocutionist, and accompanied her splendid delivery of the beautiful lines with an earnest, intense manner that added much to interest and enjoyment with which they were received.

An off-hand oration on the benefits of mirth and humor, was then given by Mr. C. M. Starks of Webster, and whatever may be said as to the benefit derived from it, certain it is that the varying degrees of mirth were fully illustrated during the few minutes that Mr. Starks occupied the platform. The special plea advanced by Mr. Starks was for a more generous development of the light and bright phases of life, and his ideas were conveyed through witty illustrations and pertinent anecdotes.

Andrew Campbell was then called out by President Ball, and he made a short but good speech. He was not certain, he said, that organization could accomplish the good claimed for it; the spiritual power of man, that which could be developed only through education and obedience to the higher moral laws, was stronger than any that could come through class organization. If organization does not make the individual man stronger and better it does not serve the highest purpose; all questions of occupation sink beneath the fact that we are men.

Do, Allen, after repeated refusals to cap, was prevailed upon by President Ball to make a few remarks, and, as he always does, acquitted himself well. He paid a high tribute to the address given by Gov. Luce and endorsed its suggestions, and emphasized the necessity of the organization of the better classes to protect the institutions of our country from the harm and danger that in these times seem to threaten them.

A suggestion that some steps be taken to more thoroughly perfect the organization under the auspices of which the farmers' annual picnics were being held, was discussed by President Ball and C. H. Richmond of Ann Arbor, and it was decided to instruct the new President to appoint a committee consisting of one member from the counties of Washtenaw, Livingston, Oakland, Jackson and Wayne, to devise and complete such an organization, and this being disposed of, the ninth annual meeting was declared adjourned.

OFFICERS FOR 1888.

The officers under whose direction the next annual picnic will be held, are as follows:

President—C. M. Wood, Livingston county. Secretary—L. D. Lowell, South Lyon. Treasurer—H. Laraway, Northfield. Executive Committee—Geo. A. Peters, Siles; R. C. Reeves, Dexter; N. C. Carpenter, Pittsfield; Isaac Terry, Dexter; S. T. Gridley, Ypsilanti; E. J. Arnold, South Lyon; Geo. Kendrick, New Hudson; N. E. Sutton, Ann Arbor; H. Pinckney, Hamburg; C. V. N. Page, Dexter; T. DeForest, Ann Arbor; Geo. McDougal, Superior; H. F. Horner, Canton; H. D. Platt, Pittsfield; J. Lee, Brighton; Charles Fishbeck, Howell; H. B. Fair, Plymouth; Charles Duffee, Plymouth; P. H. Murray, Salem; Geo. Clark, Northville; J. B. Goudry, Dexter; W. D. Smith, Dexter; E. A. Nordman, Dexter; W. H. Lawden, Ypsilanti; Geo. Merrill, Webster; Charles T. Wines, Chelsea.

PICNIC PARAGRAPHS.

The newspaper fraternity was well represented at the picnic. Kittredge, the affable gentlemanly editor of the Register, was the champion of the gang. Our affection for Kittredge was a case of love at first sight, though several times it has been necessary for us to gently admonish him as to the error of

his ways. This would be a better, happier world, we ween, if more of the men who live in it were constructed after the plan of our friend Kittredge. Mr. Beakes of the Ann Arbor Argus, also honored the picnic with his presence. Mr. B. has a pale, intellectual cast of countenance, and a literary air about him that marks him from the common crowd, but he isn't a bit proud. He is a democrat, confirmed and insuperable, but you would never suspect it while basking in the pleasure of his presence. Bower, of the Ann Arbor Democrat, was there. Bower has more the appearance of a minister, with his severe, classically-cut, smoothly shaven face, than a newspaper man. We do not know that he is even a church deacon, but have heard that he is spiritually inclined. E. V. Chilson, the bright young editor of the South Lyon Picket, greeting his friends with one hand and giving them a green chromo containing a truthful reference to the Picket with the other. There were other editors there, but they didn't offer to pay us the usual rates for a complimentary mention and therefore they must remain in their present obscurity.

We are not possessed of a violent temper and claim to have our share of the spirit of kindness and charity, but we believe all fair-minded readers will fully sympathize with us when we explain why we went to bed last Saturday night without having prayed for the managers of the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad. When we reached their seventy-five cent depot (we recently estimated the worth of that depot at sixty cents, but the Ann Arbor Argus said we didn't know anything about the value of property, so we submit to a higher valuation), we found the long platform crowded with people who were going to Whitmore Lake. H. D. Platt answered the query as to whether the railroad had made arrangements to carry all who were there, by saying that he had informed them that the crowd would be large and they assured him they would furnish plenty of cars to carry it. Well, they didn't. They furnished less than half the cars expected and needed, and the greater number of their passengers stood on each other's feet from Ann Arbor to Whitmore Lake. After the railroad company had conveyed the people to the picnic from the different points along their line, they knew just how many cars would be required to return to provide for their accommodation, but did they make any accommodating arrangements? Not they, but what they did do was quite funny, though we don't believe they intended it as a practical joke. During the day they conceived the brilliant idea of putting all their passenger cars on dress parade in one train, and the plan was successfully carried out. We sat on a railroad tie near the depot, and wistfully watched the procession as it started for Howell. It was time for the train to start for Ann Arbor, and we and six or eight hundred others had gathered at the depot expecting to go with it, but it didn't go. The brakeman on the Howell train condescended to inform an anxious inquirer that they had decided to put all their cars in one train and take them to Howell, and sometime during the night they would return and take the disappointed, disgusted crowd to Ann Arbor and other points south. Then the train departed, and so did the grace of universal love from the hearts of that waiting crowd. Soon the sun sank below the Northfield hills and the gloom of darkness gathered over the now pensive picnickers. The train returned after an absence of three hours, but the trainmen were too tired and wearied to heed the piteous appeals of their many helpless victims who wished to reach Ann Arbor in time to make connections with other trains. They had more than the usual time required for the run, but this was an extra occasion, and the train must preserve the reputation of the road. It sauntered slowly down the track, stopping now and then at cattle guards and road crossings, in order that the recently-promoted young brakeman, then officiating as conductor, might impress it upon the minds of the appealing passengers that he was bossing that train. It finally reached Ann Arbor after the Michigan Central east and west trains had come and gone, and many passengers were forced to spend the night, and some of them all of the next day, Sunday, away from their homes and families. The Ann Arbor road had been inconvenienced by no accident or unexpected difficulty. The managers of the road evidently wished it understood that they would run the road to suit themselves, and they did it. Was it any wonder that some of the wicked passengers used swear words in reference to the road managers, or that they were not included in the prayers of the good?

If we had faith in our powers of original expression to the extent of constructing a paragraph of gratitude for a picnic dinner, that had not grown gray with age and weary with constant use, we would now utilize it in returning thanks to Mrs. David Wiley, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Hutzel, Mrs. Lohr, and the other Pittsfield ladies who so generously provided for Mr. Kittredge and the writer last Saturday. The cake was young and tender, the pie was ripe, and the watermelon was well done, and so was the part taken in reference to them by ourself and Ann Arbor friend.

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Normal Building Plans Adopted.

The State Board of Education yesterday held a meeting in Detroit and agreed upon plans for the new Normal building—two wings each 80x100 feet, one on the north and one on the south of the present building, to be constructed of brick and stone. Details are not yet obtainable.

LUMBER FROM THE SOUTH.—Mr. S. W. Parsons has lately received at his yard a carload of whitewood lumber from central Kentucky. It is sold there under the name of poplar. Our local supply has become so exhausted that it is hard to get, and of the best qualities hardly any can be had here. The Kentucky product is first-class. The stream of lumber from the North to the South, which the readier development of northern industry caused, is now being reversed, and we begin to draw upon the unexhausted southern supply.

SCHOOL ELECTION.—The annual school election, at which two trustees will be chosen to succeed Clark Cornwell and L. A. Barnes, will occur Monday, Sept. 5, commencing at 8 o'clock and closing at 4, standard time. We have heard no names of candidates announced, but have been informed that Mr. Cornwell will not accept a reelection. The annual school meeting will be held in the evening of the same day, in high school hall. Both the election and the meeting should be well attended by the taxpayers of the city and the patrons of the schools.

THE BUSTLE BUSINESS.—The Ypsilanti Bustle Company has been enlarged and strengthened by the admission of Ald. DeNike within its folds, the firm now consisting of R. C. Hayton, B. St. James and S. A. DeNike. Hayton can construct anything, from a door-spring to a flying machine; DeNike can follow suit, a legal term, and St. James is educated in the bustle business from the ground up, as it were. If there is, therefore, any reason why the Ypsilanti Bustle Company should not succeed in building up a big business, it is not apparent from our point of view. They have already received orders from some of the largest dry goods firms in the west, and their bustles are winning admirers wherever exhibited.

A SUGGESTION.—If it be not too late we would like to suggest to the Common Council the propriety of laying the corner stone of the new electric light edifice with suitable ceremonies. As a proper program, we would have an opening hymn, to be given out and led by Mayor Cornwell, a short sermon on the cultivation of concord and brotherly love by Ald. Folmer; a congratulatory address on the location of the building, by Ald. Goldsmith, and a collection taken up by Ald. Kirk. It might also be the proper thing to tie away in the stone a copy of the remonstrance against investing in electric lights, the Mayor's veto of the contract accepted, the result of the vote on the waterworks proposition, and other evidences of the harmonious manner in which the progress of the present epoch in our city's history is being achieved.

A GENTLE REMONSTRANCE.—An incident or rather a series of incidents that somewhat disturbed the even tenor of life in some parts of the city, yesterday, were the results of driving wild cattle through the streets. There is something alluring in the spectacle of an infuriated steer dashing over the ground—surveyed from a distant hillside or portrayed on canvas; and though the interest it creates is by no means diminished the fun of the affair departs as the irresponsible animal approaches. One unusually savage animal, belonging to one of the meat market firms, that was being driven through the principal streets yesterday morning, dashed through the gate leading to H. P. Glover's enclosed kitchen yard, and when Mrs. Glover, attracted by the unusual noise, went out to investigate its cause, the wild animal dashed towards her, and would doubtless have seriously injured or killed her had she not escaped into an out-house just as the animal had almost reached her. Of course, it might seem unreasonable to complain of such cattle being driven through the streets, if only the destruction of property, fences, flower gardens and lawns, were concerned, but if the lives of people in their own homes are to be placed in jeopardy, a timid remonstrance might seem justified.

To Parents and Children.

Parents who desire to send children to the Normal are hereby notified that the Training School will begin Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 21. The Normal opens Sept. 18. J. M. B. SILL.

AUSTIN GEORGE, Principal.

Director Training School.

Mr. C. H. Wines of Chelsea was robbed of his watch and all the money he had with him, on the train returning to Ann Arbor from the picnic. He did not see the individual who robbed him; but it is quite certain that it was not the conductor or any of the attendants of the T. & A. road, as he attacked off rapidly after securing Mr. Wines's watch and money.

New Buildings.

Austin Burbank, foreman at the Ypsilanti paper mill, is erecting a large and handsome residence on South Huron street, three doors south of Catharine. It is a two-story frame, extreme depth 58 feet by 42 feet width, and of the same plan as that built by C. L. Yost on Adams street last year. Mr. A. W. Kinney, who built that, is the builder of this. The cost is to be about \$3,500.

Michael Brady, the harness maker, is building a frame cottage on Olive street, between Ballard and Hamilton, 16x24 with a wing 12x16.

John Read has completed a brick addition to his house on Adams street south, 11x18 feet.

Henry Scovill is excavating for a third cottage just north of the two erected by him on Ann street.

Thomas York, the barber, one of our influential colored citizens, is building a frame residence on Hamilton street, just south of Michigan, 14x24 and wing 14x14, both 14-foot posts with half-pitch roof; a wing dining room 12x12, and kitchen and woodshed 12x14.

The electric light building is in process of erection by the city, on the north side of Forest avenue, just east of the gas works property. It is to be of brick on stone foundation, 50x30 feet and 14 feet high, and to cost about \$1000. It is expected to be completed in a month, and the works to be in operation within three months.

Prof. George has just completed an addition to the house known as the Nichols residence on Normal street, 11x16 feet, one story high.

C. L. Yost, who was the purchaser of the Dr. Chamberlain property on Washington street, has commenced to remodel the house. He bid off the property at \$2500, and will invest another thousand in alterations and additions, putting a veranda across the front, double doors inside, furnace, etc.

Mr. Yost has also purchased the house next south of the one built this year by Mr. Chidister on Chidister street, on "The Flats," and will make changes in that.

He has also bought out Hiram Batchelder's rights in the north store of the brick block on Washington street, and will convert it into a carriage and harness emporium, erecting stables in the rear.

Mrs. Lee, who recently sold her handsome residence, corner of Pearl and Adams, to Mr. Bowling, has commenced the construction of a large, two-story dwelling on Hamilton, between Ellis and Emmett.

The walls of the Starkweather memorial chapel in Highland Cemetery, of cut stone, are going up. The building is to be completed Nov. 15.

Chas. Ferrier has entirely remodeled and almost reconstructed his large brick residence on Adams street, and it is now receiving the finishing touches. The roof is raised, a story added to the wings, a handsome porch built upon the front, double doors and arch ways put in, partitions changed, new chimneys and grates, new staircases, and beautiful walls and ceilings. The improvements will foot up some \$3000, and the residence will be one of the handsomest in town.

Obituary.

Maggie, daughter of Madison Miller, aged 18 years, died at Midland, Mich., after an illness of ten days, Tuesday, Aug. 16. The remains were brought here Thursday, and buried in Stony Creek cemetery. The family removed from this city three years ago.

Reuben Adams, of Tecumseh, who came here two or three weeks ago for treatment for cancer of the stomach, died last Sunday morning, and the remains were removed to Tecumseh the same day. He was about 60 years old.

An infant daughter of Charles Brown, who is employed by McElcheran and McAndrew and lives on Hamilton street, died last Thursday, aged 8 months. The remains were taken to Hudson for burial.

Harvey Clark died in Detroit last Sunday, and the body arrived in Ypsilanti Tuesday morning. He was a son of Washington Clark, who died here many years ago, and had lived in Detroit some ten years. His age was 26. Burial was in Highland Cemetery, Tuesday.

Mrs. Gee of Dundee, and Harvey and George Merritt, the former of Cadillac and the latter of Tecumseh, relatives of Mr. Joseph Bickford, have been here during part of the past week. Mr. Bickford has been suffering from ill health and mental depression for some time, and it has been thought best by himself and friends that he take up his residence at Dundee with his niece, Mrs. Gee, as soon as his health will permit his removal.

A copy of the St. Joseph County Republican received last week, bears the name of Chas. F. Gee as editor and publisher. Mr. Gee was for a time connected with THE YPSILANTIAN and has had typographical and journalistic experience elsewhere. We can cordially commend him to the people of St. Joseph county as a young man whose judgment and words they can rely upon. Mr. Gee is an earnest republican and an honest man. Greater virtue hath no man than these.

Mrs. Ida V. Haviland was last week granted a divorce from her husband, of this city, on the ground of extreme cruelty.

Personal.

C. S. Wortley and W. H. Sweet left for New York yesterday, their visit to the metropolis being of the goods-buying order.

Mrs. J. P. Vroman and Mrs. W. B. Eddy are spending a few days with friends in Detroit.

Ben Kief returned from Chautauqua last Friday, bringing with him his diploma as a graduate with the class of '87. Misses Ida and Eloise Crittenden and Miss Ada Norton were also Chautauqua graduates of the present year, and attended the graduating exercises.

Dr. Watling and wife and daughter will embark to-day from Liverpool for their return voyage across the ocean. They return on the same ship that carried them away from the land of the free, the Furnessia.

Misses Allie and Lottie Densmore returned home last Friday from a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Mason.

Guy Davis returned Monday from a two weeks' trip to pleasure points in the north. Guy is of a romantic turn of mind, and enjoyed with greater pleasure than others could, perhaps, his short stay by the lakeside and by Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell attended the double wedding here last week. We have not had the pleasure of meeting our former, and we hope our present friend, since his marriage in the rapidly-receding past, but from more fortunate mutual friends we learn that his laugh is as merry and his eyes as twinkling as in days ago.

Miss Mamie Wilkinson of Cleveland, O., is visiting here, the guest of her cousin, Miss Cornie Howland.

Mr. Howard Stebbins of Cleveland, O., is visiting with relatives here.

Miss Malinda Ressler, of LaSalle, Monroe county, is visiting with relatives here.

Chas. McIntyre of this city is sojourning at Bay View.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Fairfield returned Tuesday from their visit of several weeks in the northern part of the state.

Mr. W. I. Davis and wife and daughter Laura and baby Lloyd returned Monday from a weeks' visit with relatives in the northern part of the state.

Mr. E. N. Colby and his bride returned from their wedding tour Tuesday morning, and Mr. C. can be found at the old stand, a wiser and happier man.

Mrs. Ann Bassett is at Salem, Ohio, her old home, being called there by the serious illness of a relative.

Mrs. G. L. Foote and J. C. Gillett are visiting friends in Cleveland, Ohio. They will visit in New York during their absence.

Messrs. Charles King, D. L. Quirk, and Philo Ferrier returned from their northern jaunt last week. They were mistaken for a trio of Methodist ministers by some of the denizens of the district nearer the north pole, and were everywhere treated with the consideration their ministerial manners justified.

Will Fell left Monday for a pleasure tour on the lake. He will return next week.

Mrs. Geo. Stewart of Plymouth spent last week here, the guest of Mrs. B. Spencer.

Mr. B. F. Bailey, of Cleary's Business College, left yesterday for a short vacation.

Miss Mary McCullough, who has been spending the summer months with friends in Flint, returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. C. H. Foster joined her husband and sons here last Friday evening, coming from Auburn, N. Y., their former home.

Mr. W. H. Braisted of New York city, accompanied by his wife, is visiting his brother, Frank Braisted, on Forest avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller and Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Tower, the happy participants in the double wedding which occurred at the Methodist church last Thursday evening, have been traveling in company during the past week but will separate at Chicago to-day—Mr. and Mrs. Miller going to Westfield, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Tower to Union City, Mich., their respective future homes.

Mr. Geo. McElcheran and family return this week from their four weeks' vacation at Petoskey.

W. A. McAndrew departed this week for Chicago, ready to begin his school duties.

Mrs. Wm. McAndrew is improving hopefully, and is now able to sit up.

Charles Aultman, who had the misfortune to break his leg in a fall from a ladder, last spring, and who has so far recovered as to get about on crutches, went to Jackson this week for a visit with his brother.

At Coldwater, yesterday, occurred the marriage of Merle A. Breed, a former well-known Ypsilanti boy, to Miss Adda E. Filkins, at the residence of the bride's parents in that city. The bride has been a teacher in the Coldwater schools for the past five years. In behalf of all the Ypsilanti friends of Mr. Breed we extend our cordial congratulations to himself and bride. After a short trip through the central part of the state and a few days visit at Ann Arbor, and Mrs. Breed will go to Indianapolis, where the former is to be instructor in Latin in the Indianapolis Classical School.

More Mention.

Parents and children are requested to take notice that the Training School at the Normal will open for the reception of primary and grammar pupils Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 21.

Messrs. George Tyler, B. St. James, Fred Thompson and Arthur Hewitt will sing Mercedante's celebrated mass at St. John's church (Catholic) at half past ten, next Sunday morning.

E. P. Goodrich, circuit court reporter, it is said, will soon remove to this city from Ypsilanti—Ann Arbor Argus. No, sir; he will not.

Mr. Charles Kilian has been visiting in Pittsburg, Pa., during the past week.

Miss Addie Gilbert is visiting relatives and friends in Grand Rapids and Hastings.

Miss Lillian Otto of Pontiac is visiting here, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Wm. McCullough, and other relatives.

Mr. G. M. Gaudy, the baker and confectioner, has added an elegant new delivery wagon to his business.

A garden fete will be given by the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Luke's Church, Thursday evening, Sept. 1, on the lawn of Mr. John Gilbert. Admission, including refreshments, 15 cents. A ride on the lake, 5 cents extra.

Persons who missed articles used at the Normal Commencement dinner, such as dishes, silver, baskets, etc., can find such as were left on that occasion, at the Ladies' Library.

The canvas-covered circular swing recently located for a time in the fifth ward here, one of the managers of which was nearly killed while here, through a combination of rock, force, and a bad Ypsilanti man, is now located at Ann Arbor and is proving a disturbing element in high society circles there. In the University town, however, the patrons of the swing reverse the Ypsilanti plan, by playfully blacking the eyes and breaking the noses of each other, instead of trying to kill off the men who manage the machine.

Wm. Chamberlain of Three Oaks, President of the State Agricultural Society, has had the honor of extending an invitation to us to attend the annual State Fair, which opens at Jackson Monday, Sept. 19. That's what his circular said, and he further said he hoped we would favor the Society with our presence. Mr. Chamberlain is evidently an appreciative man.

The union services will be held at the Baptist church next Sunday evening, the last meeting of the summer series. Rev. Mr. Springer will deliver the sermon.

Mr. C. H. Foster and Mr. B. St. James have leased flats in Prof. George's new block and will take up their residence there September 1.

A social will be held with Misses Kittie and Lizzie Dennis, Perrin street, between Ellis and Pearl, next Tuesday evening, August 30, under the auspices of the young people of the Congregational church. A cordial invitation is extended to all young people to attend.

The United Workmen picnic is being held to-day, in James Holmes' grove, instead of in Graves' grove, as first announced. The Workmen and their wives have made preparations for a day of enjoyment, and are now engaged in reaping the result of their arrangements.

At the residence of the bride's father, Watson Barr, at Stony Creek, yesterday, Wednesday, Aug. 24, occurred the marriage of Mr. George A. McGee of Farmington to Miss Maggie Barr. Mr. McGee was a member of the Normal class of '86 and has many friends and acquaintances here, while his bride is known to most of the people of Washtenaw county all of whom would gladly join us in wishing her happiness and joy in her new sphere.

If President Cleveland wishes to visit Ypsilanti we will see to it that he is given a front room and reduced rates at one of our best hotels, but we can't promise free carriage rides or any such luxuries. We're independent you see. Gov. Luce promised us, at the Whitmore Lake picnic last Saturday, that he would visit us some time in September and spend several days here. If we can get out the fire company and persuade the City Council to put on boiled shirts, when the Governor comes, we'll give the grand old man a rousing reception.

In addition to the attractions already announced for the G. A. R. encampment at Adrian, next week, Tuesday to Friday, arrangements have been made to have a regiment of state troops take part in the parade and dress parade on Thursday. It is expected that the greatest military display ever witnessed in southern Michigan will be given on that day.

The major portion of the colored population of the city gathered in Justice Griffin's office, Tuesday afternoon, the attraction being a trial in which James Embrose was the defendant and the State of Michigan the plaintiff. Jim was charged with having applied offensive epithets to a colored lady, Mrs. Merchant, and although he was quite positive of his innocence the jury decided otherwise, and James is ten dollars poorer than before the trouble. Capt. Allen defended the prisoner, and Tracy Towner represented the prosecution. Tracy's speech to the jury was not an extended one, but he won the case, and dreamed that night of future big retainers and Chief Justiceships.

Experiments have been made to light the British buses with electricity.

One of the recent discoveries is that electricity may be extracted from potato buns.

There are more opium smokers in Sacramento than in any other place in California.

A recent advertisement in an eastern paper reads: "Wanted—A nurse to mind children."

The use of the corset is traced back six centuries, and it was then, as now, an object of satire.

The statues of Washington and Henry Clay, in Richmond, Va., are both in swallow-tails.

The Celtic language is spoken by 940,000 people in Ireland, 64,000 of whom can speak no other.

Agricultural implements have been in such great demand in Manitoba that nearly every dealer has sold out.

Max Weil, who is rated at \$8,000,000, is said to be the richest of the forty-five millionaires in New York.

Long Branch hackmen are said to be greater swindlers than their Niagara Falls brethren ever thought of being.

Oregon imports much of the butter she consumes, though there is no better dairy country in the world than Oregon.

"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle," replied the young hopeful.

Prof. Tyndall, who recently avowed himself a Creationist, is an Irishman by birth. He was born in County Carlow in 1820.

Expert girls making the first quality of men's linen collars can, in the Troy factories, for instance, earn from \$25 to \$35 per week.

A bill recently introduced into the Georgia legislature prohibits the use of the little cherries that go with packages of cigarettes.

George Francis Train is said to have recently received and declined an offer of \$10,000 from a Chicago syndicate for a series of thirty lectures.

The total number of postmasters receiving less than \$1,000 per annum is 50,582. Of that number 48,096 are paid between \$400 and \$520.

It is shown by official returns that the production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania the last fiscal year was nearly thirty-six millions of tons.

Steel framed eads are now being manufactured in England, with a view to lightness and greater durability than if wood were used for the purpose.

Gov. Hill slips in and out of New York in the quietest and most unpretentious fashion. He always comes and goes by the side entrance of the hotel.

The Grand Duke Michael, cousin of the Czar of Russia, is reported in the St. Petersburg press, will shortly be affianced to a daughter of the Prince of Wales.

It is said that a wealthy editor of Boston has made provisions in his will for a fund to establish a professorship of practical journalism at Harvard college.

Forty-five years ago Elam Brown purchased a ranch from a Spaniard in Contra Costa county, California, and he has lived on it ever since. He is 90 years old.

A club of scientists and linguists has been formed in San Francisco Cal., for the study of the Volapuk language, the invention of a German priest named Schleyer.

Prince Bismarck is the most decorated man in Europe. Should he ever appear wearing insignia of all the orders conferred on him he would resemble an Oriental Prince.

An estate of over one million acres was recently offered at public auction in Norway. It is hardly surprising that there was no serious offer for it, and the estate was withdrawn.

By careful experiments M. Bloch has determined that it takes 1.72 of a second longer to hear a sound than to see a light, and 1.21 of a second longer to feel a touch than to see a light.

Whitman county, Washington territory, has the smallest woman living. She resides three miles from Pine City, is 27 years old, twenty-nine inches high, and weighs thirty-three pounds.

Ex-Senator Jones of Florida, who lingered so long in Detroit, has opened an office for the practice of law in New York, and will shortly be joined by his son, Charles W. Jones, Jr., of Florida.

Gen. William Curtis, who died recently in Pennsylvania, was the real captor of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, being the Brigadier-General in command of the advance of the Union army.

The San Diego Cal. Union claims that that city is the healthiest in the world, since a doctor, a druggist, and an undertaker have abandoned their respective professions to engage in the real estate business.

Some one of statistical turn of mind has been investigating whether the study of classics or that of mathematics is the more favorable to longevity. The result is slightly in favor of the study of the classics.

M. Vallin, a French chemist, has invented a new kind of cement, possessing durability and the cold appearance of marble, so that a wall set with it not only becomes impermeable to moisture, but can be polished and made beautiful.

The "White Horsemen" of Tangipahoa parish, Louisiana, is an organization which devotes considerable of its time to punishing negroes for petty crimes. Its members wear white masks and uniforms, and cover their horses with white cloth.

Dr. Mackenzie, the English surgeon who operated on the German Crown Prince's throat, places a royal estimate upon the value of his services. He charged \$18,000 for making two trips to Germany and treating his patient in London for a few days.

The Vermont legislature has been petitioned to pass a law whereby any person who shall occupy and improve any unoccupied or worn out farm in the state shall be exempted from taxation for five years. Farming in Vermont is not profitable, and worn out farms are abandoned.

A wise man has just rushed into print to declare that Jonah was swallowed by an earthquake. O, yes; that's reasonable enough; instead of a fish it was a fissure. —Burdette.

TALMAGE.

A Discourse on the Bigotry and Evils of Sectarianism.

A Masterly and Urgent Appeal to All Churches Showing the Pressing Need of United Christian Labor.

Then said they unto him "Say now Shibboleth;" and he said Shibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan. —Judges, xii, 6.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between Shibboleth and Sibiloleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the River Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say Shibboleth, always left out the sound of "b." When it was asked that they say Shibboleth they said Sibiloleth, and were slain.

Then said they unto him, "Say now Shibboleth;" and he said Shibboleth, for he could not form to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan.

A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference. The Lord's tribes in our time by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—some times magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between Shibboleth and Sibiloleth.

I propose this morning to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding place and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a notoriety.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitudes and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens, and the upheaval of the sea shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizen's apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;" and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all men to the hope of the Gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism or bigotry, I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts opposite to what it is expected, and the children grow up, and, after a while, go and see for themselves; and looking into those churches, and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep his commandments; by natural reaction they go and join those very churches I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the Gospel who spent their whole life bombarding other denominations and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots 10 years old.

I go out sometimes in the summer, and I find two beehives, and these two beehives are in a quarrel. I come near enough, not to be stung, but I come just near enough to hear the controversy, and one beehive says: "That field of clover is the sweetest," and the other beehive says: "This field of clover is the sweetest." I come in between them and I say, "Stop this quarrel; if you like this field of clover best, go there; if you like that field of clover best, go there; but let me tell you that that hive which gets the most honey is the best hive." So I come out between the Churches of the Lord Jesus Christ. One denomination of Christians says: "That field of Christian doctrine is best," and another says: "This field of Christian doctrine is best." Well, I say: "Go where you get the most honey." That is the best Church which gets the most honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the most money of Christian usefulness for the life.

Besides that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. How much has intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them

preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the Church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the Church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship;" and the critics, therefore, in irony called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New York, kept as curiosities, there are 707 books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did intolerance stop that Church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular trusts. Church marching on, and the more intolerance against it, the faster it marched.

What did intolerance accomplish against the Baptist Church? If laughing, scorn and trade could have destroyed the Church, it would not to-day have a disciple left.

The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden times. Those who sympathized with them were confined, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf, all the men who signed it were indicted. Has intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed about 30,000 churches, 2,500,000 communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became Prime Minister of England years ago? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counselor and adviser? The descendant of a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues a few years ago? The 100th birthday anniversary of Montifiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry and sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat, or by the collar, because he can not see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes in regard to the things of the world, do not let us be egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we can not make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging upon those things in which we differ.

Now, here is a gospel platform. A man comes up on this side of the platform and says: "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side of the platform, and he says: "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No, I will say, "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Savior? Do you trust Him for eternity?" He says, "Yes."

"Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes," I say, "Come on, brother: one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it.

I think we may overthrow the sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the Church also, by realizing that all the denomination of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summeffield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men, when we come up in the presence of such Churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large-hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate our respect. So come on, ye 400,000 Episcopalians in this country, and ye 300,000 Presbyterians, and ye 2,500,000 Baptists, and ye nearly 3,750,000 Methodists—come on, shoulder to shoulder, we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help to do it. Forward, the whole line.

Moreover, we may also overthrow the feeling of severe sectarianism by joining other denominations in Christian work. I like when the spring-time comes and the anniversary occasions begin and all denominations come upon the same platform. That overthrows sectarianism. In the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Bible Society, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society, shoulder to shoulder all denominations.

Perhaps I might more forcibly illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place fourteen or fifteen years ago. One Monday morning at 2 o'clock, while her 900 passengers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home, the steamer Atlantic crashed into Mars' Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity. Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer and the clapping of the hands of the mercless sea over the drowning and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life-line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel, with three other men, getting into a lifeboat and pushing out for the wreck, pulling

away across the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that awful night when the Atlantic struck Mars' Head.

Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempests of 8000 years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the lifeboat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the memory of common hardship and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be.

One army of the living God, To whose command we bow; Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians, shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting:

May God inspire us all with the largest-hearted Christian charity.

A Cool Man.

"I see," said Col. Boland, as he tried to make a ring of tobacco-smoke which would last till it got to the ceiling, "that some of the papers are talking about instances of coolness and bravery in the early history of the Territory."

"I noticed it," replied Judge Persimmon. "Well, old Cy Weathersby, out at Pierre, used to be a cool one."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Right at the side of his bed was a window, the bottom of which was just on a level with his head as he lay there. One day he heard that some fellows were going to gather on the opposite side of the street and shoot him through this window after he had gone to sleep."

"He moved the bed, I suppose?"

"Not much. He simply sawed about six inches off each leg of the bedstead which let it down below the level of the window, rolled in and went to sleep. The boys blazed away through the window and broke his wife's arm in two places. Old Cy never woke up till morning."

"Was he always as cool as that?"

"Usually. One day he was going into a saloon and met a fellow with a double-barreled shotgun. The fellow shoved the muzzle under his nose and says he: 'Smell o' that!' Old Cy sniffed at it a couple of times and then says: 'I don't smell nothin' peculiar.' 'W'y, ye infernal fool,' yelled the man, 'I mean I'm goin' to blow the whole head right off ye.' 'O, thunder!' said Cy; 'that's it! What made you fool me 'bout the smellin'?' It disgusted the fellow so that he went out and shot himself instead of old Cy."

"Any other instances?"

"Yes. One evening just after dark he was sitting in a rocking-chair by the open door smoking, when he saw a man sneaking along behind the fence with a gun. Just then his wife came into the room and old Cy said: 'My dear, won't you take the rocking-chair here by the cool of the door?'

He got up just as deliberate as you please and she hadn't more than sat down till the fellow backed away and blew all her black hair off. Old Cy was always cool."

Very thoughtful that way about his wife. Once they nominated him for the Legislature and a big crowd went up with a band to serenade him and get him to make a speech. He thought the boys were after him again, and he stepped to the door and said: 'Gentlemen, you'll have to excuse me, my wife always tends to these matters!' Then he bowed and went out into the kitchen and told her that another woman was going past with an Eastern bonnet on, and she rushed out and got all the music, and bowed and thanked them and threw kisses at the Chairman, and then the crowd went back and nominated another man. This mistake made old Cy feel pretty blue for a long time, and finally he pined away and died thinking about it. But I tell you he was a cool one while he lived." —Dakota Bell.

In the Smoking-Room.

It was in mid-ocean, and the fog was thick enough to lean against. The pools were all sold, and there was nothing to do but play poker and exaggerate.

"Well, this is a pretty tough trip," said the fat Englishman who was dealing the cards. "Most as tedious as the one I made to the Cape."

"Been to the Cape, eh?" said the drummer. "Well, that's a good way to go, but I've sailed from London to India in a single sticker."

"And I," said a sleepy man who could hardly keep his eyes open, "I've been around the Horn."

"When?" asked the Englishman.

"All night," was the reply, as the gong rang for dinner. —From Life.

Light-Weight Twins.

Mrs. William Thomas of Pendleton avenue gave birth to twins ten days ago which will be classed as among the wonders of infantile history.

When born the united weight of the twins was hardly three pounds. One of the babies was particularly small, in fact, so diminutive that it was predicted that it could not live.

The prediction proved true, and it died last week. The larger twin was seen yesterday, wrapped in cotton batting and a shawl, and with those appendages it weighs two pounds.

The visitor was somewhat staggered by the father's asking: "Whom does it look like?" —Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Prince Lumtum and His Suit.

Mrs. Muggers—Is that Prince Lumtum? Why, he's dressed like anyone else.

Bystander—Of course.

"Why I expected to see him rigged out in all sorts of beautiful toggery. I don't see what the papers want to deceive poor folks the way they do and give me this long wait for nothing."

"What did the papers say?"

"They said that Prince Lumtum and his suit had arrived." —Omaha World.

Book-Making.

Lew Vanderpoole in the *Writer* reproduces what celebrated novelists told him concerning their methods.

"Making books," said Charles Dickens, "is very much like building houses; and the author is a more or less happy combination of architect and carpenter. There must not only be the appreciation of material, and power to arrange it consistently, but there must, also, for good results, be unqualified sympathy between the author and his subject. No man ever wrote anything artistically, praise-worthy on any subject with which he was not in tune. What critic, glancing at the outside of an unlabeled box of goods, would assume to guess out the secret of its contents? I doubt if the earnest egotist, suddenly running upon a new and unknown species of tree, would attempt telling you the color of the wood without scraping away the bark. If he did, he would be doing exactly what critics do when, judging simply from his book, they tell you that between an author's master-piece and himself there is only antagonism."

"Reviewers," remarked Lord Lytton, "have been strangely misled in one respect in passing judgment upon my novels; declaring that they all do, that I never have in any way drawn upon my own personality. No one, in reality, has ever done this to a greater extent than I have. Never have I written a novel or drama in which I did not incorporate the greater part of my views and emotions as I felt them at the time. Since I am never in the same intellectual poise for two consecutive months, this system of filling in my stories by drawing upon my own personality direct enables me to seem versatile, so far as treatment goes in a way which is, in results, quite as novel as if mine was the most remarkable genius on earth."

Charles Reade after displaying his scrap-books said: "You will understand all of this better when I have given you an idea of my book-making views. Most authors, so I think, deal too much with idealism all the way through. I believe that writing a novel is just as material a piece of work as writing a dictionary. All available stuff, which you think there is any possibility of your using, should first be gathered, sorted, and classified. Then this matter ought to be read and re-read until you are thoroughly familiar with it. This done, the time is ripe for the only part of your novel which is altogether ideal—the selection of your plot. In this you can unbind your imagination and let it play in any or all directions it may choose. Your plot once selected, you must study it and woo it and caress it as you would any coy girl upon whom your heart might be set. When once she is entirely yours treat her as a tradesman treats his newly won bride—set her to work. Then the ideal part is all over with and dead earnest begins. You fit facts—generally hard ones, as most facts are—to the various parts of your plot, until that romantic maiden becomes, by contact with matter-of-fact things matter-of-fact herself. If you let her keep too much of her old-time romance you spoil the book. If you leave too little of it and make your combination all matter-of-fact you surpass your age and do a novel which will be read years and years after you become worm-meat."

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DE

MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State.

—Mt. Morris has organized a K. O. T. M.

—A large court-house is being erected at Rogers City.

—Twenty cases of typhoid fever are reported at Portland.

—Lansing grocers have selected 7 P. M. as the closing hour.

—A business men's association has been formed at Ashley.

—Twenty-five men are employed in making hand cars in a Howell factory.

—Judge Champh, of the state supreme bench, is very ill at Rome, N. Y.

—A site for Muskegon's public library is being hunted up by the directors.

—There is a street in Mio, Oscoda county, which is occupied entirely by Smiths.

—Extensive repairs are being made on nearly all the buildings at the university.

—Muskegon mill men complain that there is a scarcity of common laborers in the city.

—A Battle Creek preacher refused to attend a funeral until his fee of \$3 was guaranteed.

—The project of holding a tri-county fair at South Lyon is receiving considerable attention.

—Miss M. Irene Hoyt, the eccentric New York heiress, is visiting friends in East Saginaw.

—Nearly 2,500 acres of swamp land near Little Lake Lake will be reclaimed this year.

—On Sept. 6 the voters of Coldwater will decide for or against a \$60,000 water works plant.

—Preparations for a general reunion of the Frenchmen in the upper peninsula are being made.

—A stock company will hereafter endeavor to make the normal college at Flint a financial success.

—Newaygo's artesian well is said to be drawing the water out of all the other wells in the vicinity.

—It is estimated that fire within two weeks has destroyed \$3,000 worth of fenees in Gratiot county alone.

—The largest load of hay ever drawn to Lansing was on exhibition last Saturday. It weighed 5,380 pounds.

—The state school for the blind at Lansing will reopen for the reception of pupils on Wednesday, Sept. 14.

—The north Michigan firemen's tournament will be held at Alma, Aug. 25, with prizes amounting to \$500.

—It has been ascertained beyond doubt that the recent fires at Marshall were incendiary in their origin.

—Senator A. Zalaya, Minister of the French Republic in Honduras, is in Grand Rapids, the guest of I. M. Weston.

—The arrangements are all completed at Ionia for the reception of the central Michigan veterans, Aug. 16th to 18th.

—If the town of Owosso will raise a bonus of \$25,000 and donate a forty-acre site she can secure the T. A. A. & N. M. shops at once.

—One hundred and fifty of the 318 votes counted after the recent election in the first ward of West Bay City were cast by women.

—Several letter-boxes at Saginaw city have been broken into and the contents burned. The work is credited to mischievous boys.

—The Benton Harbor grangers are still talking of building a speedy harvest-appe steamer to run between their place and Chicago.

—The Coldwater Young Men's Christian Association is starting Sunday-schools in all the empty school-houses in Branch county.

—John Judge is in jail at East Saginaw for horse-stealing. He says he was drunk when he stole the horse and did not realize what he was doing.

—At the special election in Alma, lately, to bond the town in the sum of \$10,000 for public improvements the vote stood 180 for and only 13 against.

—It is thought that before sixty days elapse the railroad now being built between Cadillac and Mount Pleasant will be completed and ready for use.

—Edward & Adams' heating stove, and scale board works at Carleton, were consumed by fire, with a large amount of stock, Wednesday. Loss, \$6,000, with insurance at \$3,000.

—A successful attempt to put out the fires in the Calumet and Hecla mines with carbonic acid gas was made recently. Three men were overpowered by the fumes, but were rescued.

—Several persons in Byron township, Kent county, are being sued by E. G. Kinyon for \$10,000 damages for maintaining a deep ditch, greatly to the injury of the complainant's crops and property.

—Aaron Revel, a farmer, aged 66 years, while passing through a pasture near Niles, was attacked by a bull and fearfully gored. He had a scythe on his shoulders, which cut him badly in several places while he was being tossed about by the infuriated animal.

—Dr. Harrison and his alleged accomplice, Wilcox, were examined at Lapeer, Thursday, on a charge of treating Rev. G. G. Rhodes to dose of tar and feathers, but were discharged.

—The reverend gentleman is said to be looking rather "tough," and a few flecks of tar are still to be seen on his immaculate skin.

—A letter written by George Burton, the Homer uxoriicide and suicide, reveals the fact that his murderous work was accidentally premature. He intended to kill his mother-in-law, Mrs. Hatch, her two sons, his wife, and then himself. One little child living in the house with the Hatches' he intended to spare.

—Miss Mary Irene Hoyt told an East Saginaw reporter, Wednesday, that she proposed to contest the will in all the courts. She denies charges of incapacity now pending a decision in New York, and claims great injustice has been done her from conspiracies to weaken her case through the agency of false reports.

—Rain has fallen quite generally throughout Michigan, and crops in the northern counties have been greatly benefited. The drought that has pre-

vailed in the southern part of the state with scarcely a break during the entire season has injured corn and potatoes beyond recovery. Corn, which a month ago was estimated at about 70 per cent. of an average crop, has dropped to one-half of an average crop, and potatoes to one-fourth. In many localities corn is being cut and fed to stock or cured for winter fodder. In the central and northern counties the outlook is more favorable, though in these sections the crop will be far below the average.

A Tea-Taster.

In one of the pretty summer houses on the bluff, in front of the Howland, a youngish-looking man sat this morning peering through an opera-glass directed at a group of girls in bathing. He wore a suit of white serge, with a dark gray flannel shirt tied loosely with a sailor knot, a straw hat, and around his waist was a wide white belt that had a lot of gold cording on it. I was told that it was some sort of a Chinese scarf.

There was a blase air of unconcern about him, as if he had seen everything worth seeing in the world, and was only studying the specimens of feminine anatomy before him because he had nothing else to do. He was looking through a powerful set of lenses though, for an acquaintance, to whom he condescendingly suggested a trial, assured me that he could easily see the very stitching in the bathing suits. "I would not have come down here," said the young man with the long legs, "if I had not remembered that the prettiest forms I saw anywhere last summer were here. It's really the only pleasure I have," he added, adjusting the glasses at a rather plump girl in a white flannel bathing dress.

"By Joe, she's a stunner," he exclaimed, after giving her a thorough inspection through the glasses. Then, peering at her again, he said, in a tone of disappointment, "Ah, but she's wearing stays."

All unconscious of the fact that every move they made was being watched and commented on, the girls jumped and romped around in the water, but the tired young man kept on in his peculiar occupation. He is at it every morning, I am told. No one knows how he spends the rest of his time. He has seen everything, been everywhere, and there is a constant look of ennui and depression on his face as if he thought that life were scarcely worth living. He is a queer individual and he follows a strange pursuit. It is tasting tea. He samples tea for half a dozen of the biggest houses in the county and earns about \$25,000 a year by it. He has the reputation of knowing more about tea than any one else in the country. It is at the sacrifice of his stomach and good digestion that he has earned the reputation, for both are ruined though he is still a young man.

The only thing that he really enjoys in the way of nourishment is a cup of tea that he brews himself ever morning. It is made of leaves that the China are used only for the Imperial family and cost here \$25 a pound. He boils it over a gas jet, then pours it into the thinnest sort of a blue China cup—almost as thin as a champagne glass. Then he sips it as he lies in bed, and it brings on a dreamy sensation, which, he declares, is the one delight of his life. It lasts from two to three hours and then passes away. Unlike opium, no bad effects are left behind, for he is over it as soon as he moves about and shakes off the drowsiness. Then he takes his opera-glasses and goes over in the summer-house to study the anatomy of the Long Branch girl.

Tea-Drinking in Russia.

The Russians are a nation of tea-drinkers; coffee is rare; tea is universal, and universally good. The best tea ever drunk was in Russia. They drink it at all hours, and without regard to quantity—sometimes ten cups at sitting and yet, apparently, with impunity. Brass urns, in which the water is boiled by means of a charcoal fire, are found over all the empire. They are called samovars, and I found it important to include in my Russian vocabulary the word "samovar." Their method of making and drinking tea has been noticed by all travelers in their country.

They claim that water at the boiling-point is destructive to the good qualities of tea, so they draw their tea with water just below that point. They use thin glass tumblers, saucers. Sometimes the women use cups, but the men never. The tea is poured into the saucers, which are held on the upturned ends of the thumb and fingers of the right hand. Milk and cream are rarely used. A block of cut sugar is held in the left hand, from which they nibble pieces as they slowly sip their delicious wine-colored tea.—*Outing for August.*

Always Tell Mother.

There is something that tugs at one's heart in the last words of the young woman in Sacramento who shot Patterson and then committed suicide with morphine. After being long in a stupor she rallied a moment and told the attendant: "Please don't tell mother." It was the final illumination of a path that was ending in gloom and disgrace. Made the victim of heartless selfishness by the man she had killed, and going to her final account tarnished and forlorn, she was, after all, the victim of not telling mother. There is no way of estimating the sorrow and sin and suffering that would be avoided if the confidence of children continued through life to run to their mothers. Over the grave of this girl, dead untimely by her own hand, on which was the blood of "Died in her youth, heartbroken, dishonored, a slayer, self-slain, because she would not tell mother."—*San Francisco Alta.*

An Expert On The Watermelon.

The perfect Georgia watermelon is that which has been cooled in a dry well To freeze so genial a thing in refrigeration is to impair its tropical tone and deaden certain honeyful impulses that beat in its warm heart. A melon in placid reflection at the bottom of a dry well, harmonizing slowly with the delicious coolness of the earth, is a melon approaching idealization.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A leading tailor makes all his trousers without pockets. His customers have no use for them after paying for the clothes.—*Puck.*

At Bieber, Lassen County, Cal., resides Mr. Thomas P. Ford, who writes: "I can truthfully say I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, and find it a never failing remedy for all painful complaints."

Arrival of the Thistle.

The beamy Scotch cutter Thistle dropped anchor off Tompkinsville boat landing, twenty-one days and sixteen hours out from Gourock Bay. Captain Barr and his crew were in excellent health and spirits, and the vessel looked as shipshape and clean as though just in from a cruise on the sound instead of a transatlantic voyage. She was picked up at 4 a. m. just outside the Hook by the tug Wendell Goodwin just as a little breeze struck her. When she was sighted from the tug she was in a dead calm, and the watchers on the tug had a good chance to see how easily she started, how swiftly she sailed under her sea rig in the light air, and with how little commotion of the water she slipped through the waves. As the Thistle came up the bay through the morning haze she was met in the Narrows by the health officers, tug. A moment sufficed to pass her and she was boarded by a reporter in a small boat. The captain smiled broadly and talked with equal broadness, when congratulated on his run and the excellent showing made by the boat and crew. Then he led the reporter below, where Captain Donald Kerr, navigating master, was writing his log down to date. A hasty glance over the well kept record showed that the best day's run was 247 miles, and even on that day the skipper and navigator were not satisfied with the weather. "We did not have a day's run in the whole trip," said Captain Kerr. "Not a day that we can be satisfied with to show what we could do. The winds never held good all day, and when we got some hours of good sailing in one part of the day it was sure to be spoiled by light or baffling breezes at some other time that had to come in on some day's run."

Mr. F. E. Hush, Adrian, N. Y., says: "My father was very lame with rheumatism. Now after using St. Jacobs Oil he is no longer than I am. He was cured." Price Fifty cents.

The production of anthracite coal for the six months ending July 1 was 16,725,728 tons, the largest ever known for a like period, yet the stock on hand is less than 500,000 tons over that of any previous period.

It is reported that a woman sixty years of age, at Roseville, Ark., recently gave birth to twins.

Mining is commencing to revive in every section of Arizona.

About 6,800 Chinamen are employed in the laundry business at New York. The Chinese population of that city and Brooklyn is 10,000.

"A toad who digresses his own warts" is what one Mississippi editor says in alluding to another editor.

A Blood Afraid

Is often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the life of the individual. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its poison to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, but treat yourself by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All druggists.

The first Polish newspaper ever printed in America has been started in Buffalo. It is called The Ojezyzna.

A Healthy Stomach

Is a blessing for which doctors and laymen alike are anxious to secure. It is the key to health and vitality, and to obtain which swallow much medicine unavailingly. For no ailment—probably—there are more alleged remedies as for dyspepsia. The man of humbug is constantly glutted with the dollars and dimes of those who resort to one nostrum after another in the vain hope of obtaining relief. At least, from this vast and chaotic mass of nostrums, experience indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a means of graduating dyspepsia, in which a firm reliance can be placed. No remedy has in three decades and over established such a reputation, none has received such unqualified professional sanction. It is an admirable invigorant, because it enriches the blood, and not only this, but it thoroughly cures the bowels, kidneys and bladder. The nervous symptoms are usually relieved by the medicines.

For the best show of triplets at the East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y., fair, \$10 in gold, furnished by President Cleveland, will be given.

A Woman's Sweet Will.

She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon, not only her strength and health, but upon her amiable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nerve and tonic of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "dressing-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a boon to her sex. Druggists.

The village cart drawn by a patient monkey is one of the latest ideas in locomotion at the summer resort.

No Optum in Pile's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Candid young ladies are free to admit that if there was no beau at the seaside or in the mountains they would not care to go.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A sulphur-bottom whale, measuring sixty feet in length, was captured at Pigeon Point, Cal., a few days ago.

R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago:

I like your "Tansill's Punch" cigars very much, and wish to have the exclusive sale in this place, and will do all I can to push them. I believe in advertising, and am taking pains to distribute the circulars where they will do the most good.

C. V. ELLIOTT, Mansfield, Pa.

Jenks' Dream.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize fighter's ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and do liberally knocked over one by one, a score or more of big, burly looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's tiny Purgative Pellets easily "knock out" and beat all the rest hollow!

A San Francisco business firm have a female drummer in the field. She is having great success in the interior towns.

Ladies! Those dull tired looks and feelings speak volumes! Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Price \$1.00—6 bottles \$5.00.

The veteran firemen of New Haven, Conn., to the number of one hundred will attend the Philadelphia centennial in a body.

Gen. Howard Believes in Moxie.

A lot of it was ordered to his residence, a few days ago, in San Francisco. It is now being used by our prominent hard working millionaires and business men, who have a great amount of business to do. It takes away nervousness that succeeds nervous overstrain, where stimulants were used before and obtained only a temporary steadiness the Moxie does it better and as a food, leaving no reaction or injury more than a food and as often, stimulants offend. We hope the Moxie will succeed. It is said the old soakers are getting to take to it quite readily.

Out of 192 appointments in the Philadelphia postoffice under alleged civil service rules only two were Republicans.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND OFFERS THE SUREST REMEDY FOR THE

PAINFUL ILLS AND DISORDERS SUFFERED BY WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

It relieves pain, promotes a regular and healthy recurrence of periods and is a great help to young girls and to women past maturity. It strengthens the back and the pelvic organs, bringing relief and comfort to tired women who stand all day in home, shop and factory.

Leucorrhoea, Inflammation, Ulceration and Displacements of the Uterus have been cured by it, as women everywhere gratefully testify. Regular physicians often prescribe it.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00.

Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" mailed to any lady sending stamp to the Laboratory, Lynn, Mass.

Children Cry FOR PITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I rec-ommend it as a remedy to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 81 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. BROWDER, M.D., 1057 8th Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 182 Fulton St., N. Y.

DR. KILMER'S

LOCATE YOUR VITAL ORGANS

THE REMEDIES

PROMPTLY PARALLS PAINS.

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Wonders

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indifferently miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

BILIOUS ATTACK.

DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada, says: "About one year ago, being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

MALARIAL FEVER.

Mrs. MOLLIE E. TAYLOR, Cammell, Ind., writes: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is one of the greatest medicines the world has ever known. It cured my girl and it cured her of the malarial fever."

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BUSHWAY, of Sidney, Ohio, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and he is now well. We have also used the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for throat and bronchial trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can also recommend it very highly."

Dyspepsia and Debility.

Mrs. MELISSA ATWATER, of Steuben, Washington Co., Maine, says: "I was afflicted with debility, nervousness, and general debility, for which I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' six bottles, and I am now well. I had a sick day since. I had been in very poor health for a number of years, and took much medicine from physicians."

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. MCCLURE, Columbus, Kansas, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, being afflicted with liver disease, indigestion, and general debility. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have used them, and I feel better than I have for many years. I cured me so that I have not had a sick day since. I had been in very poor health for a number of years, and took much medicine from physicians."

Pleasant Purgative.

Under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have used them, and I feel better than I have for many years. I cured me so that I have not had a sick day since. I had been in very poor health for a number of years, and took much medicine from physicians."

Sore Eyes.—Mrs. SARAH A. TURNER, of Ogden City, Utah Territory, says: "My eldest child was cured, nearly three years ago, of sore eyes, and became nearly blind. I used your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and followed the directions in your book."

A BAD ULCER.

ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer. Three bottles healed it up perfectly."

Gout, or Thick Neck.—JULIA P. BECKWITH, of 407

The Upsilon.

THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1887.

THE Indianapolis Sentinel talks about a G. A. R. plot to murder the President. There was some such plot in Indiana, but the Sentinel has confounded the initials. K. G. C., dear Sentinel—don't you remember?

At Des Moines, Iowa, last Friday, a mass meeting of "anti-prohibition republicans" nominated legislative candidates on a platform pledging them to support "all republican principles except prohibition," and to support the repeal of prohibition and the enactment of local option and high license laws. It is said the democrats will ratify the ticket. Well, "we should smile." Ratify it! they would be likely to ratify their own schemes, wouldn't they? and a very thinly-disguised democratic scheme is that. Disappointed in their efforts to overthrow the republicans of Iowa and the prohibition laws by open alliance with revolted republicans, they now devise this scheme which, sailing under the name of republican and professing devotion to all other republican principles in Iowa, is expected to create sufficient schism to enable them to capture the state and reverse its policy. Will the prohibition party now assist that? St. John announces that "we are fighting the republican party now." This is his golden opportunity, then, but will he receive any following outside of the democratic and anti-prohibition ranks? The success in forming and recruiting the third party in Iowa will show, and we shall see.

The Sun strangely misunderstands the sentiment of the great majority of the American people if it thinks that they will endorse a policy which takes the taxes off from whisky and tobacco and leaves them on clothing, sugar, iron, copper, coal and all the other thousand and one articles of prime necessity. The party that would be so foolish as to declare itself in favor of such a policy would be mighty short-lived.—Lansing Journal.

"Taxes on clothing, sugar, iron," etc., is the Journal's way of referring to the tariff. We don't care about that now, but want to say that the proposal to abolish the internal revenue tax upon whisky meets our approval, regardless of any possible effect it may have upon tariff. As a temperance measure, we favor it. Never was the liquor interest one-half so strong before the "war tax" was laid upon it, as it has been every year since. Never before could it have at all resisted the popular sentiment against it which it now resists. The internal revenue tax, which adds a thousand percent. to the value of every gallon of whisky that is manufactured, has entrenched the business behind such an enormous financial interest that the popular conscience and sentiment upon the subject are largely paralyzed. We are confident that the abolition of the internal revenue tax would vastly assist the temperance effort of the country, and on that ground we favor it.

WHAT effect the expulsion of socialists from the united labor party by its state convention at Syracuse, last week, and the voluntary withdrawal of others in consequence, will have upon national political affairs, may not at present be apparent. That party was expected to modify existing political conditions, by withdrawing a considerable vote from the other parties. What will now be the effect of the division in its ranks? By cutting loose from the socialistic element it adds to its respectability. Will the total vote withdrawn from the old parties by the two, should there be two new parties, be greater, or its draft upon the old parties be differently distributed, than if the split had not occurred? Will one or both of the new parties seek terms with either of the old, in the national campaign? and will either of the old make terms? The mass of the republicans and the mass of the democrats will both remain as they have been. No reason is apparent why they should not; but, in a sense, it is neither the mass of the republicans nor the mass of the democrats—it is not the great body of native American citizens and intelligent and responsible naturalized citizens, about equally divided between the two parties—who decide, and will decide the coming contest. Added to their votes which nearly balance each other, about four millions on each side, there were in 1884 two millions more, nearly seven-eighths of which were almost equally divided between the two—so nearly balanced that but slight influences were required to carry the balance to either side. The other eighth was divided between the Butler and St. John parties. That seven eighths of the two millions may be taken as the uncertain element, belonging really nowhere and ready to go anywhere, which shall decide the next contest. Their position is liable to be determined by influences not belonging to either of the old parties—influences now discernible but impossible of prediction as to their effect, or influences not at all discernible now. It is as uncertain as whether the Missouri shall change a sandbar to the right or to the left or not at all. In this view of the case, what shall come of the party which cast seventy thousand votes in New York City last fall may be a question of great moment—may, indeed, decide the policy and conduct of the next national administration and the complexion of the next Congress. To illustrate how even is the balance, we reproduce the aggregate of votes at the last two national elections:

Rep.	Dem.	G. B.	Pro.	Total.
1880—4,454,416	4,444,362	308,578	10,305	9,218,361
1884—4,831,381	4,374,981	175,970	150,369	10,532,691

The vote of the old parties was 8,599,308 in 1880, and 9,726,967 in 1884; and that of the other two was 318,885 in 1880, and 325,739 in 1884. What modification of these proportions may be caused by a national labor ticket, or that of a socialist ticket? In addition to these, a possible new element is even now apparent, and one which is likely to be stimulated by those—a revival of

the old American or know nothing party in which Mr. Powderly is declared to be earnestly interested. The attitude of the socialist element is making the time ripe for this, and it is not at all impossible that it may influence affairs in an important degree.

The published statement that George Brinske, recently died in the soldiers' home at Bath, N. Y., representing himself as a hired substitute for Grover Cleveland, drafted in Buffalo in 1863, is incorrect in one particular, where it says he was assigned to the Seventy-sixth New York, a regiment raised in Schoharie county. The Seventy-sixth was not raised in Schoharie, but in Cortland.

At Valentine, Nebraska, last week, a man was taken from jail and lynched for an assault upon an aged lady. The dispatch in the Free Press calls him "Jerry White, the negro." In the Tribune the same dispatch names him plain "Jerry White." Was he a black White, or a white White?

The Syracuse Daily Standard of July 5, in speaking of the casualties of the 4th in that city, characterized the barbaric taste of Americans in such celebrations a passion for "noise and stink." The enormous folly thus criticised is freshly illustrated by shocking casualties at a soldiers' reunion at Enfield, Ill., last Friday, at which two premature cannon discharges laid out six mangled and bleeding victims, some of them mortally injured and all maimed for life. At a soldier's reunion in Muskegon county, last Thursday, a Michigan veteran was mangled in the same way and is dying. Oh, men of sense, does it pay!

A CALL has been issued for a national convention to organize the new American party, to meet in Philadelphia, Sept. 16 and 17. The call specifies the objects of the move, enumerating—the restriction of immigration; a thorough revision of the naturalization laws; reserving American lands for American citizens only; to restrict and guard the right of elective franchise; to abolish polygamy in the United States immediately and entirely; to enact and enforce such laws as will tend to eradicate intemperance; to develop the resources of the country by a wise system of internal improvements; to protect and promote the American system of free common schools; to adjust the relations between labor and capital on a permanent basis of equity and justice.

"Look at Peoria!" Andy Johnson exclaimed. "Look at Peoria," now say the Peorians to Cleveland. "You may skip Detroit, but not Peoria. Peoria pays more revenue than any other city. She does it with her whisky factories. You must look at Peoria." The President will look at Peoria if possible.

THE Rev. Dr. Zachery Eddy was interviewed in Detroit by the Free Press, upon the Glenn bill, and said, "I am a citizen of Georgia and am very fond of the state, particularly of Atlanta. The people are just, kind, courteous and religious as any in the world. For these reasons I greatly lament and grieve over the blunder that has been made. Atlanta has been making successful efforts to attract northern population and capital, but even those who like the southern climate and people will hesitate to identify themselves with a state where such legislation is possible."

HOW IT WORKS. The Atlanta Constitution declares that the law against the sale of liquor as a beverage is as well observed in Atlanta as the law against gambling, theft and like offenses. That journal further asserts that property has increased more than two million dollars since the prohibitory law went into effect, that taxes have not increased, notwithstanding the loss of license fees, that the most disorderly, dangerous streets have become as safe as the rest, the real estate on them advancing from ten to twenty-five per cent. in worth meanwhile, and an astonishing business progress in the capital city is noted. "More furniture has been sold to mechanics and laboring men in the last twelve months than in any twelve months during the history of the city." "According to the real estate men, more laborers and men of limited means are buying lots than ever before." The retail grocery men sell more goods and collect their bills better than ever before." Every line of trade reports an improvement. The number of children in the public schools and the Sunday schools exhibits a marked increase, while they are tidier in appearance and better supplied with books and clothes. "Two weeks were necessary formerly to get through with the criminal docket. During the present year it was closed out in two days." "The city government is in the hands of our best citizens."

House For Sale. Frame house, nine rooms, centrally located. Will be sold for \$1000, if sold before September 1. Call at McCullough's Machine Works.

Plymouth Rocks for Sale. For the purpose of making room for young stock, Prof. Bellows desires to sell a few pure-breed Plymouth Rock hens at reasonable prices. Call at his residence on Summit street.

Horse for Sale. Good horse for farm work, with harness and covered buggy. Inquire at No. 54 Harriet street or at this office.

DR. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence on River street, L. D. Norris place. Telephone No. 45.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST, Pearl street, near Postoffice, Ypsilanti, Mich.

A CARD—DR. FLORA H. RUCH, Residence and office corner of Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M.

H. PHILL, BATH RULER & CO., BANKERS, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti.

WHEN DAYS ARE FINE.

Beloved one, when days are fine
I sadly pine
To see again thy happy face,
Whose bright sunshine
Brought ever joy and left no trace
Of doleful gloom
In any room
Whose presence thou didst choose to grace.
Dear heart, who made life blithe and gay
Whenever near,
Thou now, alas! art far away,
And I am here—
To sigh alone and contemplate
O'er cruel fate,
Which swept our paths in life apart,
For oceans wide
Do now divide
From me the dear one of my heart.
No longer with their merry glance,
Those eyes of thine
Look into mine—
Those eyes on which the sunbeams dance.
When days are fine, beloved one,
I long for thee
To share with me
The beauties of earth, air, and sea;
When days are drear
If thou wert near
No longer dull would nature be.

THE DEAD YEAR.

JEAN INGELBLO.

On her bier
Quiet lay the buried year:
I sat down where I could see
Life without, and sunshine free—
Death within. And I between,
Waited my own heart to wean
From the shroud that shaded her
In the rock-hewn sepulcher.
Waited till the dead should say,
"Hear't, be free of me this day."
Waited with a patient still,
And I wait between them still.

THE GRAVES OF THE HEART.

There is in every heart a grave;
A secret, holy spot,
Filled with the memory of some
This busy life knows not.

Low down and deeply dug they lie,
These cherished graves unseen,
And years of blighting care that pass,
Make not these graves less green.

With jealous love we keep them fresh
Through many wintry years;
And when the world believes us gay,
We water them with tears.

Not for one cause, alike, do all
Their secret sorrow bear;
Perchance some mourn a living death—
Yet still a grave is there.

Oh! there are things within this life,
Which strangely, deeply thrill—
In music's softest, sweetest notes,
We hear a voice long still.

We deem the grave a wanton one,
Upon a grave to tread;
We pass in silent reverence
The resting of the dead.

Then on the secret, hidden spot,
Let us not press too near;
Remembering that to every heart,
Its secret grave is there.

LOVE DIVINE.

Love divine, all love excelling—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ever trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unsporting may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
—Charles Wesley.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$75,000.

OFFICERS:

D. L. QUIRK, Pres. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES,
E. F. UHL, C. S. WORTLEY,
CHAS. KING, S. H. DODGE.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.,

Successors to Comstock & Ebling,
dealers in

Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets

No. 30 Congress Street,

Ypsilanti, Michigan.

Tremendous Slaughter!

—ON—

BUGGIES!

McPHERSON & SCOTT

Have decided to reduce the prices
on their buggies for the next

30 DAYS!

To make room for extending their
gear trade. Now is the time to
buy a buggy for the fair at
cost.

Call and see our

\$80-BUGGY FOR \$66.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY!

DR. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Sanitarium, where he is prepared to examine and treat all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of

**CATARRH, THROAT,
LUNG, AND EYE
AND EAR DISEASES.**

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unable to find glasses can have their eyes examined and glasses made to order.
Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 12 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases.
Office hours: 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M.

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S., L. M. JAMES, D. D. S.

WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, Huron St.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.
LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag walks, etc., Washington street.

Alban & Johnson

Have an immense new stock of

Men's Clothing!

Boys' Clothing!

Children's Clothing!

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

TAILORING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, ETC.,

—FOR THE—

---FALL TRADE---

Call and see our stock; we have what
you want.

ALBAN & JOHNSON.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

C. KING.

(Established 1840.)

C. E. KING.

C. KING & SON.

Fine Table Luxuries and Staple Groceries a Specialty.

Dealers in Field and Garden Seeds, Calcined Plasters, Water Lime and Plastering Hair.

WATERMAN, THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Has secured the services of Mr. JERTZ, of Schrimpel & Spellman's of Germany, and later of Bigelow's of Detroit. No cheap or inferior work is allowed to leave this studio, and the citizens of Ypsilanti may justly take pride in giving him their patronage.
Call and be convinced.

38193

WATERMAN'S, CONGRESS STREET

GEO. FULLER & SON,

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, BRACKETS AND MOULDINGS.

Building Estimates, with Plans and Specifications furnished on application.

Shop on River Street.

PURE DRUGS.

The very best of every thing, dispensed by one who never makes a mistake, is what

FRANK SMITH

offers to the public, and at PRICES always as low as such goods can be afforded. Please remember that

ALBUMS, FANCY GOODS AND TOYS

are to be had for a few days at prices so low you will purchase if you look at them, for the stock must be reduced.

LOOK IN AT THE EMPORIUM

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

STOP! READ! READ!

HEWITT & CHAMPION

—OFFER—

Bargains in Boots; bargains in Shoes; bargains in Slippers.

No Humbug. Honest Reduction.

We also desire to call the attention of their lady customers to their DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT, and guarantee perfect and easy-fitting garments, nicely and fashionably made, at reasonable prices. Most careful study and attention, is given to DRAPING; and all GOWNS AND FROCKS, entrusted to their care, will be finished ARTISTICAL-LY, and AT THE TIME PROMISED. This department is under the supervision of Mrs. Champion, who has given it careful attention, and feels competent to please all who may honor them with their patronage.

HEWITT & CHAMPION.

BARNUM & EARL

No. 27 Congress Street.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

GOLD PENS, OPTICAL GOODS, Etc.

New styles, original designs, elegant and appropriate for every one. The finest goods at the lowest possible prices. Everybody come whether you purchase or not.

"THE BEST PLACE"

To look for what you may want
in the Jewelry line.

—FOR—

Granaries & Coal Bins

There is nothing equal to those

Taber Organ Boxes!

All matched stuff. Only \$1.00 for
next thirty days, at

CHAS. E. SAMSON'S.

We are now in our

NEW BUILDING!

On Congress Street,

Where we will be pleased to see all our old and many new CUSTOMERS.

We are confident we can make satisfactory prices on all goods in our line.

FLOUR, FEED, BEANS, SEEDS, HAY, ETC., ETC., Wholesale and Retail.

Cash paid as heretofore for all produce.

O. A. AINSWORTH & CO.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887.

The Canadian Pacific officials are making strenuous efforts to defeat the construction of the Red River Valley line in Manitoba.

The current assessment of taxables in California shows an increase over last year of \$132,000,000. The total assessment of San Francisco county is \$251,962,473.

If Chief Colorow is as ugly in war paint as his portraits show him to be in peaceful costume, he must be a "holy terror" on the war-path.

The stocks of wheat in store at Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth decreased 782,548 bushels last week. The tone of the Minneapolis wheat and flour market is bullish.

A resident of Labrador writes to The New York Herald that, unless assistance speedily comes, the people of that province will perish en masse of starvation during the approaching winter.

An attempt was made to blow up a bridge at Enny, Ireland, with dynamite, but no serious damages resulted. The town hall at Crusheen, County Cork, was also fired into, but no one was injured.

Concealed about the filthy effects of old Mary Smith, a Boston beggar, just dead, the police found in silver, gold, bank bills, Government bonds, and bank credits, a total of between \$6,000 and \$7,000.

Miss Celeste Stauffer, the New Orleans belle, to whom Mr. Tilden left \$100,000, is at Bar Harbor, and goes in for rowing and other out-of-door exercises. She is one of the best-dressed young women there.

New Jersey's State Prison holds 860 convicts, of whom 140 can neither read nor write. Sep. 1 a night school will be opened, to be in session two hours each evening. All who would learn the rudiments may do so.

A New York heiress, according to recent report, purchased a Chicago massage operator for \$100,000; at least she paid his wife that amount to allow the divorce. She evidently had an exaggerated idea of the value of the rub.

Mrs. Cleveland, enjoying her rest at Marion, says she is grateful to the press of the country for not seeking her out for interviews, and she would much prefer anything she may say should be published in the third person.

Of late the atmosphere of the Hub appears to be freighted with pride. The Boston Globe is moved to remark: "James Burns, the prince of thieves," has died in Hamburg. He was a Boston boy. Boston boys always get to the top of their profession."

A country gentleman, after tarrying in the city a few weeks, was heard to remark that he had eaten so much omelet and butterine he wouldn't be able to look an honest cow in the face on his return home; the old creature would accuse him of going back on his best friend.

The excitement on the Colorado frontier over the movements of Colorow's band of Utes continues. It is reported at Rawlins that 150 of them are fighting fifteen miles from Meeker. The settlers with their families are flocking into that town, and the country is said to be "all on fire" between the White and the Bear rivers.

Richard Seaman Scott, who in June, 1885, absconded with \$160,000 belonging to the Manhattan Bank of New York, has been heard from. He confessed his guilt before United States Consul General Waller, at London, and implicated John R. Dunn, who has been arrested. Suit has been commenced against the latter for \$140,000.

"DENNY" WILCOX, ten years old, of Cincinnati, is a hero. The other evening he was rowing in the Ohio river with a little miss of eight, when their boat was captured by the waves from a passing steamer and both thrown into the water. The lad swam to the girl, seized her by the arm, and with one hand swam to the Ohio shore, saving the little girl as well as himself.

The fire losses in the United States during the first seven months of 1887 are computed at \$76,928,100. An analysis of the statistics shows that incendiarism is responsible for a larger percentage of fires than any other known cause. Defective flues come next, which speaks very badly for American recklessness in the construction of buildings. The ratio of insurance loss to the aggregate loss from fire during the past ten years average 56 per cent. Notwithstanding the prevailing opinion to the contrary, it does not appear that fire waste is increasing more rapidly in proportion than the value of destructible property in the country.

An old Mormon romance appears to have been revived by The Globe Democrat, as shown by a recent St. Louis dispatch. The story is to the effect that some time about the year 1842 Joseph Smith became enamored of an English maiden of a wealthy family who had espoused the Mormon faith. That was about the time Smith was said to have received a revelation sanctioning and recommending polygamy. The prophet wished to take the girl as his spiritual wife, to which she consented on condition that if she bore a son he should in the fullness of time, become the head of the Mormon church. The contract was entered into, and the son was born and educated by the mother in England to fit him for the high position for which he was destined. He is now said to be about 45 years of age, and likely to appear as a competitor for the vacant presidency. There may be some groundwork for the story, but even were the story true the Englishman would stand little chance of becoming Taylor's successor. The head of the Mormon church is elected by the chief elders, and is not a hereditary office.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

The Marblehead Lime Works, south of Quincy, Ill., were burned Saturday. Loss, \$30,000. All the property burned, with the exception of the depot and post office, was owned by the Chicago Lumber Company, of Chicago. Nearly covered by insurance.

The village of De Graff, in Logan county, Ohio, was almost destroyed by fire Saturday night. The loss was about \$300,000.

The flouring mill of Dircks & Co., of Hamar, O., was burned Wednesday morning; loss, \$20,000. The Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore railroad bridge near by was damaged, to some extent.

Walnut, in the eastern part of Pottawattomie county, Ia., was the scene of a most disastrous fire early Tuesday morning. The Rock Island depot, three large grain elevators, and other buildings were destroyed. The loss will reach \$60,000 or \$70,000.

At Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., ten large ice houses belonging to Colonel C. S. Barrett, of Cleveland, were destroyed by fire, involving a loss of \$70,000; insured for \$17,500.

CASUALTIES.

Dr. N. A. Archer, professor of hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, was drowned at Atlantic City.

At Enfield, Ill., where the Eighty-seventh Illinois Regiment, and the soldiers of White and Hamilton counties, are holding their reunion, two shocking accidents occurred Friday. During the sham battle, two cannons used by besiegers and besieged were prematurely discharged and many persons were injured.

Two passenger engines in the yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Philadelphia ran away Thursday night, and Morris Thompson and Joe Kelley received fatal injuries. The locomotives were almost totally destroyed.

The North German Lloyd steamer Frano, from Bremen, crashed into the pier at Hoboken, N. J., Friday, and part of a shed fell upon the passengers, who were crowded her decks. Some of them were fatally, and very many seriously injured.

The coroner's jury at Washington censured the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company for the accident that occurred at the "Y" there Wednesday.

The inquest on the bodies of the victims of the wreck at Chatsworth, Ill., has been concluded, the coroner's jury holding Timothy Coughlin, section boss, to be the grand juror. The company is not mentioned in the verdict, and the good man and true thought "the bridge was fired from fires left burning."

Francis A. Scott, who had been captain of Company A, Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteers, was killed by a train near Baltimore, Md., Wednesday night.

An elevator in which were eighteen women, fell from the third floor of G. Sidenburg & Co.'s building in New York, Thursday, causing the death of Mrs. Jane Lynch, and injuring many others quite seriously.

While his attendants were asleep Thursday morning, C. A. Rice, suffering from typhoid fever, at Coloma, Mich., arose from his bed, procured a revolver and shot himself.

In New York Wednesday a young man threw away the stump of a cigarette, which lodged in the skirts of Miss Ella Snedaker, and she would have been killed but for the prompt action of bystanders.

An express train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad flew the track as it was approaching the station at Washington, and crashed into a three-story brick building used by the company as a signal-tower. The engineer was killed and about thirty others injured, some of them dangerously. The wreck was caused by a failure of the air-brakes.

Edward T. Brush, a switchman employed in the Pittsburgh and Ft. Wayne yards at Ft. Wayne, while coupling cars Tuesday evening, had his feet caught, which threw him under the wheels, causing his death. He leaves a wife, and ten children.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

John Dwan, a railroad fireman, was assassinated in East Saginaw, while walking on the street, by some unknown person. Three men were arrested on suspicion, but the evidence connecting them with the affair is slight.

Walter S. Babcock, the Chicago lumber merchant who was so mysteriously shot Friday night at Gardner, Ill., died of his injuries Sunday afternoon. He made no statement as to the circumstances of the shooting.

C. R. Hodge, alias W. H. Carroll, a notorious confidence man and forger, who recently escaped from the Columbus penitentiary, was captured in Chicago Saturday night.

The family of C. O'Brien, of Elkhart, Ind., was chloroformed early Friday morning by burglars, who removed all the jewelry in the house.

Michael Hauch and Ferdinand Lindeman, hoodler contractors of Cincinnati, connected with the infirmary steel, were sent to the penitentiary Friday.

Samuel B. Gann, a wealthy stock raiser of St. Joe, Mo., was shot and fatally wounded on the highway near his home early Thursday morning. The object of the shooting was robbery. An armed body is in pursuit of his assassins.

Sheriff Lynch, of Alpena, who was shot by one of the Cleveland fur-robbers while arresting them a few days ago, died of his injuries at Detroit. He was the second officer killed by this gang while resisting arrest. Three of the robbers—Morgan, Coughlin, and Harrington—are in jail at Cleveland.

Samuel Randall, living near Harrodsburg, Ky., Sunday threatened to murder his wife, who fled to the church for protection. As she was about to enter the sacred portals Randall fired, and the woman fell mortally wounded. The husband fled, but the worshipers suspended services, organized into a hunting party, and captured the murderer.

INDUSTRIAL.

Three hundred coke-workers at Connelville, Pennsylvania, struck the other day against a decline in wages. There are now nearly four thousand men idle in the Pennsylvania coke region.

A strike among the Milwaukee brewers is said to be impending. The coopers claim the brewing firms have been purchasing kegs made by non-union men, and the employees will show their allegiance to union principles by striking.

WASHINGTON.

The civil service commissioners are still unable to come to an agreement regarding the charges preferred by the Chicago Civil Service Reform league against the administration of the customhouse and postoffice in that city. Commissioner Edgerton's report contains an onslaught upon civil service reform organizations, to which his colleagues decline to affix their names. There will probably be three reports on the question.

Colonel D. S. Lamont left Washington Friday for New York for a two weeks vacation.

The British Minister at Washington has asked an explanation from the United States government of the recent seizures of British vessels in Behring sea.

During the three years ending July 30, 45,375 postmasters were appointed. The total number of postoffices in the country is 58,157.

It has been officially stated at the Interior Department that, while decisions as to the indemnity grants of all of the railroads on the list will be rendered, none of them will contain any new features and that they will all be short and formal and will refer either to the decision in the Atlantic and Pacific case, or the Northern Pacific case for their explanation. These two cases have been selected for the test cases, upon which all of the rest will turn.

The war department declines to authorize the employment of troops to assist the sheriff's posse in arresting the fractious Ute Indians. Gen. Crook, however, has been instructed to take all necessary steps for the protection of the settlers.

A formal acknowledgment from Queen Victoria of the president's jubilee telegram of congratulation has been received at the White House. It is countersigned by Salisbury instead of by Ponsonby, as was the communication to Collier, of Chicago.

Captain Shepherd, commanding the revenue cutter Rush, reports to the treasury department the seizure of one American and three British schooners for taking seals in the Behring sea contrary to law. The vessels were all sent to Sitka, Alaska, and turned over to the United States marshal for prosecution.

POLITICAL.

The United Labor party in convention at Syracuse, N. Y., Friday, nominated Henry George for Secretary of State.

Floyd county, Iowa, Republicans nominated Dr. E. B. Wilbur for the Legislature. All the county officers, excepting supervisor, were renominated.

The United labor convention assembled at Syracuse, N. Y., and the committee on credentials made its report. The committee had been in session all night and had a lively time. In almost all cases they reported in favor of the sitting delegates.

The Nebraska prohibitionists nominated J. F. Abbott, of Saline county, for supreme judge, and adopted the regulation platform.

Complete returns from the recent election for Governor in Kentucky, give Buckner, Democrat, 27,014 plurality over Brady, Republican.

At a meeting of the Ohio Republican State Committee, W. S. Capellan, was elected chairman, and John M. Doane, treasurer.

GENERAL.

Reports from various points throughout the west agree that the recent rains came to late to be of much value to the corn crop. Dakota alone reports the condition of the crop above the average. Pasture was revived by the rains, and a fair supply of fall feed is anticipated. The yield of potatoes is short on account of the prolonged drought. The apple crop is light. Cattle are improving in condition.

The great phosphate industry of South Carolina is in a demoralized condition. An attempt is making to form a combination of the various companies for the purpose of bulging prices.

Mrs. Warren Edgerton, once widely known as Julia Daly, the actress, died Sunday at Newfield, New Jersey, of paralysis.

Contracts for twelve additional cottages a hospital and a sewerage system for the Soldiers' home at Quincey were awarded Saturday night by the board of trustees. The aggregate cost of these improvements will be \$124,076.

The captain of the Bear wrote to his brother, the Rev. Father P. E. Healy a day or so ago, stating that the cutter had been beached and repaired, and was on her way north, in excellent shape. This successfully refutes the rumor of her loss.

Alvin Clark, who had a wide reputation as a practical astronomer, a resident of Cambridge for fifty-two years, died in that city Friday at the age of 83.

During the past seven days the failures in the United States numbered 135; in Canada 26.

The well-known jewelry house of N. Matson & Co., at State and Monroe streets, Chicago, has been closed on executions aggregating \$107,744. The liabilities amount to about \$300,000, and the assets will, it is thought, yield \$100,000 more. The failure was precipitated by the recent death of Mr. Matson. The concern was a stock company, with a paid-up capital of \$225,000. Edward Forman has been appointed receiver under bond of \$250,000.

Hanlan, the oarsman, left Toronto, Canada, Thursday for San Francisco, from which port he will sail for Australia to row Beach.

The insurance rate on elevators has been advanced 50 cents a hundred by the Northwestern Underwriters Association, at Duluth. This action will be seriously felt by grain carriers, who are devising ways of placing their risks in other hands.

During year ending March 31, 1887, various Grand Army departments of the country have expended \$253,960 in relieving distress among 26,096 ex-soldiers or their dependents, besides as much more not reported to National headquarters, but distributed informally. The Massachusetts department expended the most of any department, \$51,011, with New York next, \$48,896. Illinois expended \$11,045, Indiana, \$5,823; Michigan, \$9,743, and Wisconsin, \$4,150.

Senator Frye, who has just returned from a five month's sojourn in Europe, says that what most impressed him while abroad was the extreme poverty of the masses and the frightful prevalence of the drink evil.

Texas fever has made its appearance among the cattle at Adrian, Mich. The stock is said to have been purchased in Chicago. A number have died.

FOREIGN.

Resolutions denouncing the proclamation of the National league were passed by the Irish people of Liverpool and the radicals of London. The league held its weekly meetings, as usual, throughout Ireland, Saturday.

M. Deroude, President of the French Patriotic league, has been tendered a banquet by the merchants of Nijni Novgorod. The speeches abounded in allusions to the cordial relations existing between France and Russia.

The rebellion in Afghanistan has collapsed.

Prince Ferdinand has refused the request of the foreign consuls at Philadelphia for an unofficial interview. MM. Radolavoff and Tontcheff decline to form a ministry.

The Irish National league has been "proclaimed" under the provisions of the coercion act recently passed. The fact was announced in the house of lords by Premier Salisbury and in the commons by Mr. Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland. All the important documents of the league have been removed from the headquarters in Dublin.

On September 23, 1862, Prince Bismarck became the foreign minister of Prussia, and on the 8th of October following assumed the premiership. Preparations are making for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of these events. The Prussian government has ordered a colossal bust of the chancellor in marble as a memorial of the occasion.

A hurricane swept over Bordeaux, France, ruining crops and killing many sheep. Two excursion-trains collided in the storm and seventeen persons were injured.

Advices from Zanzibar to the French foreign office report the murder of Stanley, the explorer, by natives. As the British government has received no such intelligence, the report is discredited at London.

Two dynamite cartridges were exploded on the West Clare Railway bridge at Ennis, Ireland, but no serious damage was done. Two other cartridges which had failed to explode were found.

Maxwell's Forlorn Hope.

A six-hours stay in Washington today gave Mr. P. W. Fauntleroy, counsel for Maxwell, time to have the seal of the Supreme Court affixed by the Clerk on the writ of error granted by Justice Miller at Block Island, and to catch the 2 o'clock train this afternoon for Virginia, where he has relatives living. Mr. Fauntleroy was much pleased with the success of his mission. He hurriedly said that the writ was granted on the broad claim that Maxwell had not been fairly tried, and that he was deprived of liberty without due process of law. The right, he said, was guaranteed under the fifth amendment to the Constitution which had been violated in Maxwell's case. There were, he said, a number of points in his application, which was a long one. The chief of these were that the public had been excluded by the police from the trial during the first day's proceedings; that one of the counts in the indictment was bad or defective and had been amended by the court instead of by the Grand Jury, and then a detective had obtained an alleged confession from Maxwell by trickery, and had used this sort of testimony against him. Mr. Fauntleroy said that he had great hopes of having the writ sustained by the full Court when it met in October next. He had had no difficulty with Justice Miller, and thought his argument would be equally convincing to the other Justices. The question would be whether there was ground for Federal interference—that is, whether the Court ought to exercise jurisdiction. If the Court interfered, Mr. Fauntleroy said, he would get a new trial. If it decided against him, then Maxwell's next chance was the clemency of the Governor.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.	
BREYER-Extra.....	4.30 @ 4.50
Choice to Fancy.....	3.85 @ 4.25
Pair to Good.....	3.50 @ 4.00
Poor to Medium.....	3.15 @ 3.40
Native Grass.....	2.85 @ 3.20
Foreign Cows and Hens.....	2.50 @ 3.15
Pair Cows.....	1.75 @ 2.50
WHEAT-No. 2 Red.....	64.00 @ 64.50
HOGS-Range.....	6.10 @ 6.50
SHEEP-Range.....	2.50 @ 2.75
WHEAT-No. 2 Spring.....	60.75 @ 61.25
CORN-No. 2.....	37.00 @ 37.50
WHEAT-No. 2 Red.....	64.00 @ 64.50
POTATOES-Per bushel.....	70.00 @ 70.50
POULTRY-Chickens, per lb.....	10.00 @ 10.50
Ducks.....	10.00 @ 10.50
Turkeys.....	10.00 @ 10.50
BUTTER-Choice Creamery.....	15.00 @ 15.50
Low Grades.....	10.00 @ 10.50
CHEESE-Full Cream.....	10.00 @ 10.50
Off Grades.....	10.00 @ 10.50
Eggs-Fresh, per doz.....	11.00 @ 11.25
NEW YORK.	
BREYER-Best Native Steers.....	4.75 @ 4.75
SHEEP-Range.....	4.00 @ 5.50
HOGS.....	6.00 @ 6.50
CORN-No. 2.....	37.00 @ 37.50
CORN-No. 2.....	37.00 @ 37.50
OATS-No. 2, White.....	39.00 @ 39.50
LOUIS.	
BREYER-Choice Native.....	8.50 @ 8.50
HOGS.....	5.30 @ 5.40
SHEEP.....	3.15 @ 4.10
WHEAT-No. 2.....	72.00 @ 72.50
CORN-No. 2.....	33.00 @ 33.50
OATS.....	24.00 @ 24.50
ST. LOUIS.	
WHEAT-No. 2 Red.....	71.00 @ 71.50
CORN-No. 2.....	37.00 @ 37.50
OATS.....	30.00 @ 30.50
DETROIT.	
WHEAT-No. 2 Red.....	74.00 @ 74.50
CORN-No. 2.....	38.00 @ 38.50
OATS.....	29.00 @ 30.00
INDIANAPOLIS.	
BREYER.....	8.50 @ 8.50
HOGS.....	5.25 @ 5.40
SHEEP.....	3.10 @ 4.10
WHEAT-No. 2.....	70.00 @ 70.50
CORN-No. 2.....	33.00 @ 33.50
OATS.....	25.00 @ 25.50
BUFFALO.	
WHEAT-No. 2 Red.....	70.00 @ 70.50
CORN-No. 2.....	37.00 @ 37.50
OATS.....	29.00 @ 29.50

CORONER'S VERDICT.

Timothy Coughlin Responsible For The Chatsworth Horror And Is Arrested.

The Total Killed and Died of Wounds Foots up Eighty With Others in a Precarious Condition.

A Chatsworth dispatch says: The jury met this morning shortly after 8 o'clock, the doors of the school-room being locked and all outsiders excluded. After remaining in session until 9:45 o'clock they made their way to the main street of the village and announced to those whom they met that they had finally decided on a verdict. Several jurors, together with Coroner Long, proceeded to the office of THE WEEKLY PLAINDEALER, where they informed the editor, Mr. James A. Smith, that they desired the verdict to be printed and a number of copies furnished them. All inquiries as to the form of the verdict or the results of the inquest were met with mysterious nods and winks, and the admonition: "Wait and you'll see." About 11 o'clock the following copy of the verdict was given to members of the press:

State of Illinois, Livingston County, ss.—In the matter of the inquisition on the body of Mrs. Dr. Duckett, deceased, held at Chatsworth on the 11th day of August, A. D. 1887:

We, the undersigned jurors, sworn to inquire of the death of Mrs. Dr. Duckett, on oath do find that she came to her death by injuries received in the wrecking of the Niagara Falls excursion train on the Toledo Peoria & Western railway, on which she was a passenger, at a bridge two and one-half miles east of Chatsworth, about 12 o'clock midnight, Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1887.

We find that the wrecking of the said train, which totally demolished eight coaches, one baggage-car and one engine, and either killed or wounded most of the occupants of said coaches, was caused by said bridge having been burned out before the train struck it. We think from the evidence that the bridge was fired from fires left burning which had been set as late as 5 p. m. that afternoon by the section men, as close as sixteen feet on both the east and west sides of the bridge.

We further find that the foreman of section No. 7, Timothy Coughlin, disobeyed positive orders from his superior to examine the track and bridge on his section the last thing on Wednesday, and we find that he did not go over the west two and one-half miles at all on Wednesday, and that the said foreman, Coughlin, was guilty of gross and criminal carelessness in leaving fires burning along the track in such a dry season and with a strong wind blowing, and we recommend that he be held for examination by the grand jury; and, further, it is the opinion of the jury that the leaving of the track without being patrolled for six hours before the passage of the excursion train and the setting out of fires by the section men on such a dry and windy day as the 10th of August, 1887, were acts deserving severe censure.

W. W. SEARS, Foreman.
P. L. COOK,
DAVID E. SHAW,
H. P. TURNER,
J. R. BIGHAM,
FRANK OSBORN.

The within verdict was agreed upon and signed in my presence and approved by me this—day of August, 1887.

C. H. LONG,
Coroner Livingston County.

After the verdict had been made public, the jurymen explained that they had preserved such particular secrecy after returning the verdict because they did not desire that Coughlin should receive the news of his having been held to the grand jury, believing that he might attempt to escape. As soon as the verdict had been found, however, a warrant for Coughlin's arrest, prepared by Coroner Long, was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Sanford, who is also the town marshal. The officer found Coughlin working with his gang a short distance down the track. He was immediately placed under arrest, but was allowed to go to his home, about a quarter of a mile from the depot, with the officer, where he put on his best suit of clothes and bid good-by to his wife and seven children, who cried and hung around his neck in the most affecting manner. The prisoner was then taken to the depot, where he awaited the coming of the train which was to take him away to the county jail at Pontiac. While there he was interviewed and said he considered the verdict a most unjust one, and declared that Heald and Taggart, the section men who worked with him on August 10, had perjured themselves in swearing that they had set fire to grass within sixteen feet of the bridge on that day. No grass had been burned within the distance of three or four telegraph poles east of the bridge on Aug. 10. He could not account for their having testified as they did. He had not had any trouble with them. In his opinion he had taken all possible precautions to prevent the bridge catching fire. He said he had been with the Toledo, Peoria and Western railroad for two years, and previous to that time had been employed by the Illinois Central railroad for twenty-eight years, with the exception of three years, during which time he was in the war, having served in the 33d Missouri infantry.

When the train was passing his house the most distressing shrieks and cries were heard. The passengers looked out of the windows for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the noise, and saw Coughlin's wife and children standing in the doorway, giving way to the most violent expressions of grief, as they gazed after the train that was bearing the husband and father to prison.

After the verdict had been announced Atty. J. S. Stephens, who has been here for several days looking after the interests of the road, said that the company would not assist Coughlin in any way to extricate himself from his difficulty.

On board of the train which carried the prisoner away were ten members of Parker's band, of Prairie City, Iowa, who were on the excursion train at the time of the wreck, but who escaped uninjured. After the accident they returned to Peoria and took another train for Niagara Falls, for which point they had originally started, returning on yesterday's train.

Coroner Long figures up a total of eighty deaths, of which three occurred in Piper City, two in Peoria, and one in Fairbury, making seventy-four persons on whom inquests were held.

OFF THE TRACK.

A late dispatch from Pittsburg, Pa.,

says: About 4 o'clock this morning the through express train which left Chicago at 3:15 yesterday afternoon over the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway was wrecked at Bayard, O., on the Pittsburg & Cleveland road, about eighty-one miles west of Pittsburg. When the train reached Alliance, O., it was found that the Fort Wayne road was obstructed by a freight wreck some miles east of Alliance, and the train was ordered around by the Cleveland & Pittsburg road. The train was made up of three baggage and express cars, one smoker, one passenger coach, two Chicago sleepers, and a Toledo sleeping-car, called the "Topic," which was attached to the rear of the train.

After leaving Alliance the train was proceeding at the rate of thirty miles an hour. As it swung around a sharp curve near Bayard the rails spread and the Toledo sleeper was derailed, falling on its side. The two Chicago sleepers also jumped the track, but after running nearly three hundred yards they were pulled on again and escaped injury. When the crash came the porter, O. Warner, ran to the forward platform and jumped, but got off on the wrong side of the car, and when it fell over on its side was buried under it. Fortunately, there were only three passengers and the flagman on the sleeper, and in

A LESSON.

When the weary heart is sad
And the days seem long,
When the eyes are full of tears
And life an empty song,
When the burden of the heart
Grows heavier each day,
Oh! tell me, is there nothing
To help along the way?

Ah, yes, sad heart! there's pleasure,
Not only in the air,
But in the sun and rain drops,
And in the flowers fair:
The kindly words oft spoken
By those we daily meet,
In lingering echoes whisper,
Each hour has pleasures sweet.

'Tis true that hearts have burdens,
With many doubts and fears—
Have dark and lonely vigils,
With many silent tears,
That life, at times and pleasure
Seem but an empty song,
Where weary hearts are aching,
And days are sad and long.

All hearts must bear their burdens,
Yet will they lighter grow,
If each will but endeavor
To share the other's woe.
So, weary heart, take comfort,
For you strive each day
To ease your comrades' burden,
Lo! yours will fall away.

MADOLINE'S FATE.

BY K. T.

CHAPTER III.

Unused to bearing any burden on her mind, the mental strain Madoline endured for the next few days had no small effect on her appearance.

Her face took a pale anxious look, the smile which had been so ready in previous days, scarcely ever brightened her eyes, and if Mr. Clyde had not been entirely occupied with other thoughts, he must have noticed there was something altogether wrong with his daughter.

By dint of careful watching, she had contrived to steal to the rail, each day, when the dusky shadows offered her concealment; but she felt keenly the risk, and the fall of a day twig from the budding branches would set her heart to beating with a hundred nervous fears.

The stranger was much better; he was able to move his injured arm freely, and a healthful tinge had supplanted the deathly pallor of his face.

The old haunted looking mill was a wretched enough habitation, but it was dry, and the weather had been fine; and in the early dawn, before any one was astir, he had refreshed himself by bathing in the stream, that rippled incessantly on the silence.

"I feel like another man," he told Madoline, when in the grey of the evening she crept to his hiding place. "You have been my guiding staff. No human being ever owed another a deeper debt of gratitude than I do you."

The smile no word could bring to her lips in the comfort and safety of her home she gave now to this lonely man, and then, almost immediately, a sigh followed.

"If I could feel you were secure, it would be nothing," she replied with an instinctive glance at the deep shadows gathered between the crumbling beams. "But everybody is on the look-out for a prisoner, and I am always in dread lest they should make their search here. If your reasons for concealment are as grave as you say, it is an unlucky chance that has set the rumor afloat concerning the runaway, for at any moment, in searching for him, they may discover you."

He started, and an expression of haunted defiance came into his handsome eyes.

"Do they report the same of this man?" he asked, looking strangely into her face.

"Yes—Ronald Castleton," she answered.

"There are on the scent," he muttered, suddenly clenching his hand. "I am thankful that you warned me—still more thankful that you have helped me to regain strength to be able to avoid them! Ah, my little maid, he went on in a gentler tone, "knowing what you do of Ronald Castleton's story, would you have shown him as much mercy had he been here in my stead?"

"Had he been like you—yes."

"In what way like me?" he asked, his soft powerful voice trembling with some intense feeling.

"I can hardly explain," she answered slowly. "If he had looked at me with such steadfast true eyes if such a noble face belonged to him, and he had said, 'I am hunted down under a false charge—I am suffering for a sin I never committed, I would have taken his word before all that condemned him, I should have seen his soul in his gaze, and have trusted his truth!'"

Madoline uttered these words dreamily, her eyes resting on his as though to gain thought from his earnest expression. She was sitting on a rough log, and throughout the interview he had stood at a distance leaning against the wall.

Now a great light shot into his eyes, and, stretching out his arms, he moved from the shadow and cast himself down at her feet.

"My pure little maid," he murmured, taking her hands and covering them with kisses. "When shall I be able to tell you all your words have been to me? Do you wonder if, in this time of trial, your faith in truth seems more than human? Yet—You do but trust me—I love you!"

He had not thought of saying this to her. The truth escaped him involuntarily, broke from him as her hands lay against his lips.

He loved her! Isolated, cut off as he was from the living world, the brief moments during which she was before him seemed doubly sweet, and throughout the long days and the sleepless nights, he had lived on the memory of her pure young face, on the echo of her soft compassionate voice.

Madoline's childish eyes gazed at him innocently through the dusk. She did not comprehend the full measure of his words—he loved her. It was but natural—as natural as that some wounded animal should have tended and saved from death should repay her care with love.

"It is only a little thing I have done for you," she said, smiling. "You give me too much praise. When you are safe among your own friends, you will forget me."

"I shall never forget you," he replied, pressing her hands closely within his in his clasp. "And if I cannot hope for the blessing of having you always

near me, to be the light and purity of my life, at least you will be ever present in my thoughts, in my heart. "And," his voice sank lower, "should the time come when I may return and try to win you, Madoline, perhaps—perhaps you could be happy as my wife."

He had not loosened her hands, and for a moment he laid his hot brow down upon them.

He longed passionately to take her in his arms—to rest his cheek against her sweet face—to hold in his soul the consolation which had come, with angel tenderness, in his dark solitary exile.

His words brought back to her the remembrance of her aunt's plans concerning Lucien DeCourcy.

"My cousin is coming here in a few days for the same reason. He wants me to be his wife."

"And you, Madoline—what is your answer to him?"

"No," she said very emphatically.

"And to me—had I freedom, would it be the same?"

She looked thoughtfully into his upturned face.

He was a stranger—nameless to her, and yet his glance, the touch of his hand, told her he was more to her than any other she had known half her lifetime—as much to her as though all the history of his past—all the uncertainty of his future—were echoed within her heart.

"I could not give the same answer to two who are so different one from the other," she replied slowly. "It does not seem possible that I could ever love Lucien well enough to give up everybody else for him; but it would not be so difficult a task to learn to care for you."

"My darling!" he murmured, his haggard features lighting up with a sudden power. "My first love! I hope I may yet be able to teach you that dear lesson. I have a bitter trial before me, Madoline—the task of proving to the world my outraged honour. That done, I shall be free to return to you. Should I not succeed—should I be hunted down to this dog's life to the end—then you will never hear from me again; and you must forget the miserable wanderer whose one happiness will be the memory of what these troubled days brought to him. I dare not say more, Madoline," he went on after a short pause; "but to-night I must leave this mill. It would be courting danger to stay, so this may be our last meeting."

He put her hands gently from him, and rose, as though he feared he might lose memory of the cloud that divided him from her.

"You have been the dove going out from the ark," he said, warding off the fierce pain which his restless hunted life drove him to. "This time I shall not look for your return. This time I know to what extent my danger lies. Go, my only comfort—my little helpmate. There is nothing more I can do for me, except to say good-bye, and try to think that I am all I have seemed to you."

"But where will you find another hiding place?" she asked, gazing at him with great sad eyes. "Your arm is not yet well, and who would be with you if you fell ill again? How should I know if you were in safety, or sinking under some peril I might be able to lighten? You must not go—not to-night."

"To-night," he responded resolutely, "unless something happens to detain me. Have I not been long enough on your mercy? It is time I went, even if I were not driven forth by my own danger. Remember, Madoline, this parting may not be eternal. If I can lift my name from the accusation dragging it down, my first thought will bring me back to your side. I shall come to ask what service I can render you—to offer you a life's devotion, a life's love. Maybe you will have forgotten me; maybe another will have won my beautiful dove. But I shall return to bless you for the tenderness you showed when Fate pressed hardest against me."

He gazed down at her yearningly. In the growing shadows the slender form, clad in spotless white, looked almost ethereal, her clasped hands and golden head showing fair against the old beams, that formed a sort of weird background to her drooping face.

She did not meet his glance. The delicate lids with their fringes, hid the deep blue wells trembling beneath, and his heart gave a little throb as he saw tears stealing down her cheeks.

He bent down and laid his hand softly on her bent head, while her name lingered in his lips:

"Madoline!"

The touch, the voice, sent a thrill through her veins. She did not raise her face, but with a heavy sigh she clasped his other hand, and drew it down to her bosom.

"You speak of coming back," she murmured with passionate intensity, "sharing your life with mine, when the world shall have learned to honour you—when you can bring back an unsullied name—the name you still keep secret from me! Do you think those things could buy you my love—could make your soul truer to my senses? You do not know. With your past a mystery, comprehending nothing of the horrible suspicion that seems to be crushing you like the weight of an undeserved curse, feeling nothing but the power and a truth of your manhood to the end of the world—to be your comfort, your solace through all trials, even if the worst you fear should overtake you!"

His hand trembled in her clasp; he felt the hot tears falling upon it, and for some seconds he could not trust himself to speak.

This unselfish devotion—this compassionate love, how keenly it touched him!

Would her heart have gone out as closely to him had he been free from danger—had no iron hand of injustice been raised against him?

He smoothed the bright hair away from her brow, and laid his hand gently over her eyes to stay her tears.

"Don't make me feel I am leaving my sorrow with you," he said brokenly. "That would be my greatest punishment, to know I had cast a cloud on your young life. Put your own happiness before mine, Madoline. I am but a stranger whom you have saved, perhaps from death. Unless I can return to you in a different light, let me only seem to you like one you have seen in a long dream."

"It is only a little thing I have done for you," she said, smiling. "You give me too much praise. When you are safe among your own friends, you will forget me."

"I shall never forget you," he replied, pressing her hands closely within his in his clasp. "And if I cannot hope for the blessing of having you always

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Unity in Speaking.

The old dramatists wrote with marked respect for the "Three Unities"—time, place, and plot. They subordinated metaphors, speeches, action, and scenes to the end purpose of making a single, distinct impression. The orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, the funeral discourses of Bourdaloue and Massillon, and the speeches of Chatham and Webster are marked by a similar singleness of aim. These orators always used rhetoric as a servant, and never permitted it to appear as a master, intent upon showing off its graces.

"How beautifully our minister described Napoleon at St. Helena!" said a lady at the close of a sermon on the heroism of St. Paul. The preacher had his reward, for he had made that description the rhetorical gem of his discourse. No one sympathized with the Apostle, but many thought the Scourge of Europe a most ill-used man. The preacher's bit of rhetoric enfeebled the sermon.

Once while Haydon, the English artist, who delighted to paint on a large canvas, was waiting for the coach at a village, a countryman said to him, "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you the great painter?"

"Well, I don't know about that exactly," answered Haydon.

"But, sir, did you paint the picture of Christ entering into Jerusalem?"

"Yes, my friend, I did."

"Ah, sir, that was a picture!" added the man, "that was a picture—and what a donkey!"

The village's enthusiasm should have shown the artist that he was guilty of an artistic blunder, for he had made the beast more impressive than its rider.

No lady, with a sense of the fitness of things, so dresses that her garments suggest the question, "Who is her dressmaker?" And no speaker, intent upon communicating a great thought by the means of sound in the form of articulate language, will be satisfied with compliments to his rhetoric.

The business of the physician is to cure, not to administer syrups. The purpose of the quack is to magnify his nostrums.

The Power of the Whale.

If the whale knew its own power, he could easily destroy all the machinery which the art of man could devise for catching him, and it would only be necessary for him to swim in a straight line on the surface in order to break the thickest rope, but instead, on being struck with a harpoon, he obeys a natural instinct, which in this instance, betrays him to his death. Sir Humphrey Davy in his "Salmonia," observes that a whale not having an air bladder can sink in the lowest depths of the ocean, and mistaking the harpoon for the sword of a swordfish or the teeth of a shark, he instantly descends, this being his manner of freeing himself from these enemies, who cannot bear the pressure of a deep ocean; and from ascending and descending in a small space, he thus puts himself in the power of the whaler. If we include the pressure of the atmosphere, a body at the depth of 100 feet would sustain sixty pounds on the square inch, while one at 4,000 feet, a depth by no means considerable, would be exposed to a pressure of 1,830 pounds. We need not, therefore, be surprised that on the foundering of a ship at sea, though the timbers part, not a spar floats in the surface, for if the hull has sunk to a great depth, all that is porous is penetrated with water, or is greatly compressed. Scoresby states that when, by entangling the line of the harpoon, a boat was carried down by a whale, it required, after the boat was recovered, two boats to keep it at the surface. As soon as the whale dives after being wounded, it draws out the line or cord of the harpoon, which is coiled up in the boat, with very considerable velocity. In order, therefore, to prevent any accident from the violence of this motion, which might set the boat on fire, one man is stationed with an axe to cut the rope asunder, if it should become entangled, while another, furnished with a mop, is constantly cooling with water the channel through which it passes.

Glasses to Read With.

It was a warm summer day when Uncle Ephraim Jackson, a worthy colored man, entered an optician's shop, and, removing his tall white hat, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a handkerchief, sat down warily on a revolving stool, as if he feared it was about to run away with him, and asked for a pair of glasses "fer to read wif."

"What number do you wear?" asked the optician.

Uncle Ephraim grinned. "I guess I wears two," said he.

"Number two?" exclaimed the optician, in astonishment.

"Jis' two glasses, sah; one fer de one eye, an' one fer de odder."

The optician looked at him with a frown for an instant, but, seeing that the old man was innocent of any attempt to make a joke, went on with the business before him.

"Try on these," he said, picking out a pair, and see if you can read the letters on that card over there."

Uncle Ephraim carefully put on the spectacles, and looked eagerly at the card.

"Can't read it, shuah, boss," he said, looking disappointed.

"Well, try these," said the optician, trying a stronger pair.

"No go, boss," said Uncle Ephraim. The dealer gave him another pair, and then another. Not one of them enabled Uncle Ephraim to read, though he struggled ever so hard, and wiped his forehead again and again in considerable excitement.

"Look here," said the optician, finally, "can you read at all?"

"Neber could read, boss," said Uncle Ephraim. "Dey nebber larned me how, now; but I done hearn tell ob people dat could read wif glasses dat couldn't read wid 'em now, an' I made up my min' I'd see ef 'twas dat way wif me!"

Very Good Boy.

Praise, being personal, says, "You are right. Approbation, which looks to the thing done rather than to the doer, says, 'That is right.' This is not a distinction without a difference.

for the one appeals to the conscience, but the other addresses the vanity. The *Sunday School Times* tells a little story, which illustrates the case with which the praised boy passes into the boy who congratulates himself even on paying religion its due:

A little fellow's mother, one evening after hearing his prayers, added the commendation, "That's a very good boy."

On later evenings the same praise was not forthcoming, but the boy himself was not willing to let it slip; and now he adds, on his own account, a regular appendix to his prayer: "Amen. That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm."

It would be well if such self gratulation were confined to children, but it is to be feared that, if the feelings of a good many adults could be analyzed, they would be found to be not very different from the child's self praise: "That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm."

Apache Baby Life.

There is an astonishing amount of difference in the endurance shown by savage and civilized folks. Amongst babies are treated 'as if they might break,' as the saying goes; but with the Indians their conditions of life are less finely balanced. Baby life among the Apaches is thus described in the *Ocean Monthly*:

Leaning against wagons and buildings are dozens of little baskets with baby Apaches sucking their fists therein. The baskets are of the regular Indian style, and the poor babies are strapped and laced into them tight and snug, nothing showing but the round, chubby face and two tiny fists.

Some squaws hang their baskets to the saddle, because if left standing on the ground, the dogs go round and lick the babies' faces, much to the little ones' discomfort. One rather frisky pony, with a baby on the horn of his saddle wanders from the bunch and is immediately surrounded by a crowd of dogs.

Their barking starts him to trot, and with a shriek the mother rushes from her place in the line to catch him. But the pony doesn't want to be caught, and from a trot turns to a run, and away they go—the basket flapping on his side only making him run the harder.

No one seems sorry for the poor baby, whose yells are drowned in the general burst of laughter that goes up.

Finally the strap that holds the basket breaks, down comes poor baby, thump, to the ground, face down, and the pony, after running a few more rods, is caught by a boy, while the distracted mother picks up her unfortunate infant, and immediately unlacing the deerskin cover, takes it out to assure herself it is sound in body after its rather risky ride and fall.

Snake Story.

In "A Naturalist's Rambles About Home," we find an amusing snake story, related by an old naturalist. As a 'text' for his discourse he mentions the curious fact that when a snake is running away from you, you can measure it by inches; but when it is coming after you, every inch is a foot long.

"Now when June was fresh over the meadows, and everything that wasn't a fish was afoot, I was one morning busy after ducks and anything else worth shooting."

"Well, as I was floating about in my skiff, my eyes fell on a big water snake lying full stretch on a fence rail. He was a monster. The rail was eleven feet long—I measured it—and the head of the snake was at one end, and the tail reached almost close to the other end."

"Now I wanted the skin of that snake, just to show folks; so I fired. I aimed at the middle of the snake, and no sooner had I pulled the trigger than all of a sudden what seemed like a hundred snakes raised up on that rail."

"I came near upsetting the boat. I was so taken aback that I didn't see what I was doing. What I'd seen wasn't one big snake at all, but a whole sound of 'em, and they had just twisted round each other like strands of a rope and lay there basking in the sun, on that fence rail."

Mary Ann's Turn.

A lady, attending a small church in a rural district, tells an amusing story of the manner in which the musical services were conducted. The music attempted by the choir was of a florid and pretentious character, and altogether beyond the abilities of the ambitious singers.

The relation between the pastor and the congregation was evidently of the simplest and most unaffected nature. In one of the selections there occurred a long and showy soprano solo, in cheap imitation of the Italian style. The young woman who attempted it sang gaily on till the clergyman evidently thought she had enjoyed her fair share of attention and glory. Accordingly he raised his hand as a signal, and the music ceased.

"Let that young woman with the red feather have done singin', and let Mary Ann Quilty sing the rest. It is Mary Ann's turn now,"—*Harper's Weekly*.

An amusing incident is narrated concerning the encounter of an amateur musician with the irascible Handel.

The composer was on his way to Dublin; and, as the ship was detained at Chester by contrary winds, he decided to fill up the time by trying over some of his music. Accordingly he instituted inquiries whether there were any singers in the place who could "sing at sight."

He was referred to several, and, among others, to a painter, who was put forward by the local singers as their most shining representative. On trial of a chorus the poor fellow could make nothing of the music, and proved such a lamentable failure that Handel's small stock of patience gave way.

The man blundered on from bad to worse, and Handel finally stopped him, attacking him with a torrent of invectives in half a dozen different languages.

"You schountrel!" he concluded.

"Did you not tell me zat you could sing at sight?"

"Yes, sir, I did," stammered the frightened culprit; "and so I can, but not at first sight!"—*Youth's Companion*.

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

THE LITTLE HIGHWAYMAN.

Did you ever meet a robber, with a pistol and a knife, Whose prompt and cordial greeting was, "Your money or your life?" Who while you stood a-trembling, with your hands above your head, Took your gold, most grudgingly offering to repay you in cold lead?

Well, I once met a robber: I was going home to tea;

The way was rather lonely, though not yet too dark to see;

That sturdy rogue who stopped me there was very fully armed;

But I'm honest in maintaining that I didn't feel alarmed.

He was panting hard from running, so I, being still undaunted,

Very boldly faced the rascal and demanded what he wanted;

I was quiet as big as he was, and I was not out of breath,

So I didn't fear his shooting me, or stabbing me to death.

In answer to my question the highwayman raised an arm,

And pointed it straight at me—though I still felt no alarm;

He did not ask for money, but what he said was this:

"You cannot pass, Papa, unless you give your boy a kiss!"

—ALLAN G. BOWEN in St. Nicholas.

HARVESTING POTATOES.

The New England Farmer advises farmers not to leave potatoes in the ground longer after they are ready to harvest. It is cold work handling potatoes after the ground begins to freeze nights. The cold and the dirt often make the hands crack and become very sore. Besides, late digging gives the weeds and grass a chance to grow, and makes the work of digging still harder. Some think the late fall rains injure the quality of the tubers for eating. However this may be, there is nothing gained by leaving sound potatoes long in the ground after they are ripe and ready to dig. When the crop is rotting, however, it is well to leave them undug till the disease is far enough advanced so that he unsound can be separated from the sound ones without difficulty. Dig in fair weather so that the tubers will come out clean. Potatoes dug when the ground is muddy never look well in the bin, nor are they as salable in market. If the white grub is very abundant in the soil, it may be necessary to dig to save the crop, even before the vines are dead.

If potatoes are dug by hand, it is easier to lift them while the vines are still alive. Plunging a spading fork into one side of the hill and prying with one hand while the vines are grasped by the other, the tubers may be lifted almost at a single operation and shaken upon the surface to dry for an hour or so, before picking and sorting. Some farmers make much unnecessary work in harvesting this crop. They pull the vines, then dig out the potatoes with hoes or books, throwing them into baskets which are emptied into a cart or wagon, from which they are afterwards sorted before putting into the cellar. It is better to sort when picking from the field, and a fork is far better than a hoe for lifting and spreading out the tubers to dry.

When one has a large field that is fairly free from rocks and weeds, the digging can be done very rapidly by the use of a small, double-winged plough, drawn by a horse, letting the horse walk on the row, or better, have two horses astride the row. Unless there are pickers enough keep up the team, which is impracticable, the team should go through the field taking alternate rows, and after these are cleaned up, go through again, taking the remaining rows. Farmers must economize in every way possible to save labor in producing their crops, or they will have reason to complain of "hard times."

When the potatoes are put in the cellar, see that they are covered from the light, which will turn the skin green and make the potato bitter and practically worthless, except for planting. One thickness of newspaper, if nothing better can be had, will shut out the light and keep the tubers sound. Store in the coolest part of the cellar where there will be no danger from freezing. A warm cellar starts the sprouts too early in the spring.

TREATMENT OF SEEDS.

Mr. John H. Brown of Hay Springs, Neb., says:

(1.) I planted a lot of ash seeds in April. Although we have had plenty of rain not one in a hundred has come up. I covered them from two to three inches.

(2.) Larch and Russian mulberry seeds have also failed to come up. They were covered from one to two inches.

(3.) At what time and at what depth should hackberry seeds be planted.

(1.) The successful germination of green ash seeds depends on the proper wintering of the seeds, and modes of planting in early spring. We have had the best success where the seeds were spread about four inches thick in the fall on a hard ground walk, over them spread a layer of leaves or straw, and over all place boards to protect in part from rain and snow. Plant in moist earth early in spring, not over three-fourths of an inch deep, and press the earth firmly. (2.) Larch seed should be sown in beds and treated in all respects like evergreen seeds. The Russian mulberry seed should be soaked 24 hours before sowing, changing the water at least twice. Then sow in mellow, moist earth and cover lightly. If they are dry, we have found it to pay to strew mulch over the rows while the seeds are germinating, as the shallow covering often permits their drying up before the radicle is pushed into the earth.

(3.) We crush the hackberry and wash off the pulp at once on gathering. Then mix with sand and bury the box where sand and seeds will freeze in winter, and yet not dry up. Sow early in spring the same as Mulberry seed.

FORAGE CROPS FOR MILK.

From results of experiments obtained at the Model Dairy Farm of Altensbourg, in Hungary, Indian corn produced the largest yield of milk, while sorghum produced that of the richest quality. The other crops experimented were beet root, lucern and sainfoin. The former gave the smallest yield per day of milk, but the percentage of solids in it was very high. The percentage of sugar in the milk obtained by feeding beet root was higher than that produced by any of the other foods. These experiments differ some-

what in their results from those made in our own country. For example, Indian corn or meal is found to produce a richer quality of milk; but the superior value of beet root in giving a larger percentage of sugar in milk, has long been known among us. We would like to see a thorough trial of this root at our several agricultural college farms alongside of parsnips, carrots, potatoes and rutabaga fed raw as well as cooked. Parsnips are highly esteemed on the Island of Jersey as forage, giving, as the dairymen contend there, an extra quantity and quality of milk from their cows.—Z., Ocean County N. J.

THE PINES.

Scotch and white pines retain their leaves from two to three years, Australian pine (P. Cembra) from four to five years. Norway white and black spruce from five to seven years. Balsam-firs from six to nine years, yews from seven to twelve years and abies pinsapo sometimes as long as fifteen years. If the boys and girls will examine different coniferous trees where the annual wood growth can be readily observed, the leaves will be found still growing on several of the latest year's growth, and by counting back to the first bare joint the number of years during which the leaves persist in the different species can be ascertained.

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

What is simpler than hatching and raising late chickens? What delights an old hen more than to sit when she thinks it contrary to all the rules and regulations of the household? She will spread herself over a whole nestful of eggs, calmly wink at the broiling sun when it is hot enough to blister a brass kettle, and in due time come off with a whole brigade of fluffy, animated balls, which she will straightway lead into the nearest pig pen and then go into hysterics when an old sow swallows a dozen or so of them as an appetizer.—Farmer.

AN IOWA STORY.

This story must be true, as it is given by Col. Swalm of the Oskaloosa Herald: A hen, half black Spanish and half game, has been doing a land office business in Rolla, Mo. She laid her first egg on the 10th of May, 1886, and has continued to lay an egg every day since. She went to setting as soon as she laid her first egg and is still on her nest. She comes off every morning to get water and food, and then goes back. She has hatched one egg a day except the three first weeks of her career. She has now been laying one egg, and is the mother and hatcher of 856 chickens, one-half pullets and the other half roosters.

A HARVEST DRINK.

The experience of farmers who have tried it for themselves and men during the past few years has been exceedingly favorable to the use of oat meal in cold water for a drink during haying and harvest work. Ice cold water chills the system too suddenly, and when taken in large quantities, as is liable to be the case in hot weather when perspiration is profuse, is positively injurious. It has been found, however, that a little oat meal tends to prevent any disorder of the digestive apparatus, while at the same time it furnishes considerable nutriment.

HERE A LITTLE, THERE A LITTLE.

American applesold in England last year amounted to \$3,600,000 in value.

Reaping with a hand scythe, or mowing with a scythe, will soon be among the lost arts.

To see the ordinary young farmer of the present day swing the scythe as it is interesting as the illustrations of the pictorial papers of farm scenery.

The common oleander is poisonous, flowers, leaves, and all parts. Hence it should always be kept out of the reach of children and domestic animals.

A solution of saltpeter sprinkled on cabbages is said to be effective in driving off the cabbage fly. It is harmless, and also an excellent fertilizer. It should be applied twice a week, however, and used plentifully.—Indianapolis Journal.

We were never more forcibly struck with the influence of cultivation than to-day, July 12th. In digging past holes not a particle of moisture could be found in recently mowed meadow land, while in the corn field close by it was moist within two inches of the surface.—Bennett.

President Sanborn, of the Missouri Agricultural College, some time since said Missouri and Iowa did not raise one-half as much corn, wheat, etc.,

